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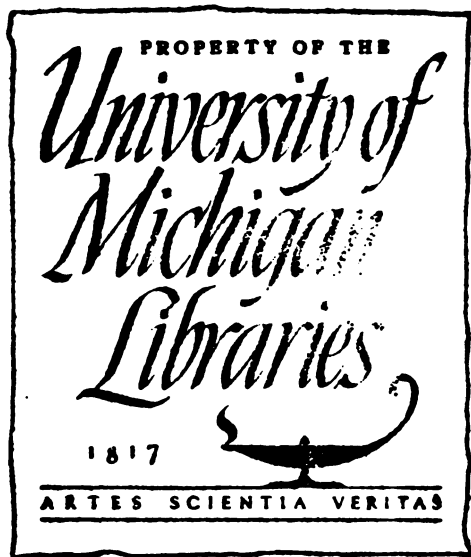
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CONFESIONS

IN

Elysium,

OR THE ADVENTURES OF A

PLATONIC PHILOSOPHER;

TAKEN FROM THE GERMAN OF

C. M. WIELAND;

BY

JOHN BATTERSBY ELRINGTON, ESQ.

VOL. III.



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Confessions in Elysium.

IN pursuing those remarkable events which have occurred to me....in such quick succession....from the day I left Delphos till my banishment from Athens,....I have neglected to say one word relative to my beloved Psyche.

Neither time.....or circumstances....however, had power to drive her from my mind, where she reigned the adored empress of my heart.

I commissioned every creature.....whom business or curiosity led to foreign parts....to enquire after her....I had numberless copies taken from her portrait.....which I distributed the better to insure success;....and offered large rewards to any who should bring me intelligence of her.

All this I did from an apprehension that the enraged priestess would use every artifice to conceal her from my enquiries.....perhaps sell her to a merchant, who might transport her to some foreign clime, where, change of name and distance, would preclude all possibility of our reunion.

Her diabolical machinations succeeded too well.....Hitherto,.....all my anxieties have been unrewarded by the least trace of my charming innocent.

To return.....I left Athens without a sigh of regret.....and continued travelling eastward for many days.

One evening.....almost spent with fatigue.....I found myself at sun-set surrounded by a wood I had been traversing the whole day, without finding an outlet to conduct me to an habitation of any sort.

I despaired of bettering my situation now night was coming on...and strol-

led in search of some convenient spot to stretch out my wearied limbs..... when I discovered a hill close by.

This reanimated me.....and in the expectation of distinguishing some lights from the top.....I determined to ascend.

I proceeded with much difficulty through a very narrow.....winding.....path.....overgrown with briars which were matted across.....and made it almost impossible to advance....My impatience increased every moment.....for the more I persisted.....the more distant the summit appeared from me.

At last.....in perfect despair,.....I threw myself down.....almost breathless.....resolving to give up the attempt.

Nothing could give a more lively idea of the sports of fortune than the miserable situation to which I now found myself reduced.....who,.....but a

few days before.....was the idol of my country.

I smiled at the contrast.....and thought only of recommending myself to sleep.

The sun was just dipping in the west.....an almost extinguished glory feebly shot from its departing rays.....tinging,.....with a beautiful glow of softened radiance.....the surrounding atmosphere.

I gazed on its declining splendor..... My sensibility gradually expanded and rapture.....created by this sublime contemplation.....again visited my bosom.....a delicious calm succeeded..... and I sank into the arms of sweet repose.

A loud.....reiterated.....shouting,..... woke me from a dream, in which I fancied myself sitting by the side of my beloved Psyche.....I started from my green couch.....and began to listen

from whence the noise proceeded.... but the shrill echo played about the neighbouring rocks.....in such repeated and confused distraction.....I could make no discovery.

The moon had risen while I slept... Its splendor was full and brilliant..... the firmament around displayed a canopy of the clearest azure...interrupted here, and there, by a transparent cloud, lightly fleeting past.

This was a happy circumstance;.... and as I was refreshed by rest.....and my curiosity uncommonly excited..... I determined to attempt the summit of the hill.

As I advanced....the noise increased.....It gave new energy to my exertions....and, in despite of every obstacle.....I attained the height.

I could now distinguish the beat of drums and the sound of trumpets.....I looked inquisitively round.....

and with infinite surprise.....beheld a groupe of young women, who had assembled at this spot to celebrate the frantic festival of Orpheus.....an ancient heathen institution.....handed down to posterity, in memory of the expedition of Bacchus to India.

To a painter.....this would have proved a most interesting encounter ;the sight of so many lovely femaleswith loose disordered hair.....rolling eyes.....bloated cheeks.....naked bosoms,.....wild haggard looks.....expressing, by the most licentious attitudes, their wanton gambols.....shaking at each other their hideous Thyrsi, entwined with curling serpents.....clashing their sonorous cymbals.....or roaring the most dismal yells.....would have afforded him an ample field for the gratification of genius ;...but to me,.....it was disgusting in the extreme,.....and rendered more so by the distorted beauty of the objects.

I wished to avoid their superstitious rites.....but was discovered.....and prevented.

No man had ever been known to prophane these mysteries by his presence.....My appearance suspended their diabolical ceremonies.....and I was presently surrounded.

I know not what might have been the consequence of this accidental imprudence, if a new event had not diverted their attentions from me, to a more serious adventure.

A band of Sicilian pirates had landed on the coast, at the foot of this mountain, to take in water.....Hearing the noise which had aroused me....and judging it might be the Orphean Bacchanals...they determined on plunder.

It is the custom for these women to come richly dressed, to the foot of the mountain.....where they leave their female slaves and their jewels till they return.

The pirates disposed themselves into two parties.....the one, seized on the slaves and their treasure.....the other, ascended the hill....and with a violent shout.....rushed among the Bacchanals, whom they instantly seized.

These desperadoes were too hardened to be affected by cries or intreaties.....nor did the exposed charms of these beautiful young creatures, relax one muscle on the rigid countenance of villainy.

Little ceremony was adopted...The Sicilians reimbarked with their rich booty.....We were divided among them.....Unanimity and good fellowship seemed to prevail among our new masters;.....and they resolved to pass the night in feast and revelry.

Whilst these freebooters were engaged in merriment.....I retired to the extremity of the cabin.....The glass

went gaily round.....their eyes spark-
led.....and, inspired with warmer
wishes than they at first betrayed..u...
each placed a Thracian beauty on his
knee....and they continued the cele-
bration till late next morning.

All this time I endeavored to drop
asleep.....hoping I might pursue the
dream from which I had been fatally
awakened...but the clamorous hilarity
of the pirates prevented me from
closing an eye.

I arose at dawn...and walking upon
deck.....took leave of the Ionian coast
.....now beautifully gilded by the
early beams, which rosy-fingered
morn borrowed from the rising sun,
to ornament its surface.

The pirates now began to yawn.....
and slowly arose from the arms of
their mistresses.

When they were on deck, the
captain called a council.....It was

resolved that the captive Thracians and myself should be put into a boatunder a safe escort.....and conveyed for sale to Smyrna;.....whilst the galley pursued a richly-laden vessel of which they had received previous intelligence.

The weather was favorable....and we arrived....without any remarkable occurrence.....at the place of our destination, on the third day.

The females were instantly sent to the baths, where every art was used that could heighten their charms, and increase their value.

I underwent the like process..... bathed.....perfumed.....was habited in a slave's mantle of variegated silk... and conducted to the slave market.

This mortifying scene filled me with agony....it melted my soul.... glowing with honest indignation against the usurpations of mankind....

and produced feelings, which are alone intelligible to the lovers of humanity.

In the midst of these perplexing ideas, I was accosted by a person of an elegant appearance.....and graceful manners.

“ To whom”..... said he....“ does this young slave belong ?” addressing a Sicilian, who stood near me.

“ To any one,”.....answered the other...“ who may chuse to purchase him from me.”

“ Can you read Homer ?”.....asked the stranger,.....looking at me.

“ Yes,”.....I replied....“ and am sensible of the beauties of that divine writer.”

“ Are you conversant with the works of philosophers ?”

“ No....I cannot understand them.”

“ What do you ask for this slave ?” continued the stranger.....turning to the pirate.

“ He ought....” replied he....“ to
 “ be cried as others are ;....but he
 “ is yours for two talents.”

“ Come with me”....returned the
 stranger...“ The slave is mine,....the
 “ talents are yours.”

“ Your money, Sir,”.....said I,....
 “ must certainly be troublesome to
 “ you,....or you would not give such
 “ a sum for one of whose merits you
 “ have no security.”

“ I am content”.....he answered...
 “ Follow me.”

My master was a Sophist....Greece
 swarmed with these accommodating
 gentlemen.....who.....by an engaging
 exterior,....servile flattery.....and pom-
 pous assurances.....insinuated them-
 selves into the hearts and purses of
 young men of noble families....and,
 by magnifying one into a graceful
 speaker....another into an able states-
 man.....a third into an experienced

general.....found means to appropriate to themselves the philosophers' stone... so long sought in vain, by alchemists of every age.

This was a very productive species of philosophy.....The professors called themselves Sages....and its whole system consisted in the art of making every one in love with himself.

It was a *passe partout*.....it opened the doors of the affluent and powerfuladmitted its votaries to the toilet of beauty....gained an easy access at courtconverted wealthy vice into splendid virtue.....in short it procured to its professors riches.....honor.....and fame.

Hippias had devoted his youth to this profession.....and was enabled by an happy exercise of his valuable secret to enjoy the pleasures of an easy independence.....in his riper years.....He was captivated with the delightful temperature of the Ionian climate.....

and the charms of the city were heightened by the prevailing taste for eastern luxuries.....He therefore chose it for his residence.

He had already numbered more than fifty years.....yet such was the magic of his insinuating manners.....his company was universally courted by persons of both sexes.....indeed he possessed every requisite to form the accomplished Gentleman.

An imposing address.....a noble aira smiling countenance.....and an easy ready wit, which seasoned repartee, and gave brilliancy to all he did, or said.

To these engaging qualifications he added a superficial acquaintance with the sciences.....an intimate knowledge of the great world.....and a most exquisite taste for the arts.....but the most seducing trait in his person was the irresistible talent he possessed of

making himself amiable with the ladies.

Thus endowed by nature and artyou will not wonder that he should maintain the reputation of a first-rate genius.....and that his opinions were usually applauded, even before they were given.

But however gratifying the applause of mankind.....there was infinitely more allurements in the approving smiles of a pretty woman.....and Hippias well knew the nearest road to preferment, was through the hearts of these lovely creatures.

Had he a project to fulfil.....what advocate so plausible as woman.....they possess the key to every secret.....dangerous.....domestic.....or political...their influence resembles that which is ascribed to the fairy world.....with this difference.....they display their powers visibly.

A glance from beauty's eye unlocks the miser's iron chest.....a partial derangement of the handkerchief steals into the state secrets of a prime minister's heart.....and a well - timed tear moulds the rugged breast of apathy into the softness of yielding pliability.

As Hippias lived for himself.....and made all things subservient to his pleasures.....it is easy to suppose him surrounded by every object which could please the eye...

His paintings.....statues....sculpturestapestry.....furniture....mirrors.....vases,.....were all the labors of the ablest artists.....but those were mere inanimate attractions....His slaves both male and female.....were the admiration of a city famed for its beauties.

My master's countenance pleased me.....and I began to feel satisfaction, on reflecting how much more irksome my situation might have been.

When we reached home....Hippias ordered the payment of two talents to the Sicilian Pirate, and led me through his magnificent apartments, where I could not avoid confessing my surprise, notwithstanding I had been so accustomed to the glare of luxury and splendor.

I soon learnt my master was a philosopher....and while I was wondering what sort of philosophy his could be, which he exercised in the very bosom of pleasure.....I received instructions to attend him in his closet.

When he entered, he desired me to be seated.....calling me Callias.....which name he desired me to assume for the future.

“ By the laws, Callias”.....said he, kindly addressing me....“ I have full power over you as my bondsman....
 “ How far I may ever consider you
 “ in that point of view, will depend

“ entirely on yourself.....It is my
 “ wish that you should live here as
 “ independently as I do.

“ The only requital I shall expect
 “ from you,.....will be,.....to read
 “ Homer.....and some fugitive pieces
 “ of my own composing.....to a se-
 “ lect party who assemble here every
 “ evening.

“ Do not, however, imagine this
 “ task to be very easy.....I am my-
 “ self difficult.....and your audience
 “ will consist of men of genius.

“ Literary taste is not sufficiently
 “ gratified in being simply charmed
 “it must be enraptured.....The
 “ ear must be captivated by sweetly-
 “ modulated tones.....harmony of
 “ accent must be distinguished by
 “ ease.....spirit.....and propriety.....
 “ the passions must be arrested by
 “ an imitative grace, which gives life
 “ to the subject.....and a seducing

“ pathos that will lend animation to
 “ each word.....energy to each pe-
 “ riod.....and perfect expression to
 “ the whole.

“ In a word.....every organ must
 “ be converted into ear.

“ This evening you shall make an
 “ essay with the Feast of Alcinous.....
 “ Your skill.....of which I have no
 “ doubt.....will decide your future
 “ fate.....and you may have reason
 “ to bless the day when Hippias was
 “ first taken with your appearance.”

My master left me the moment he
 concluded.....It was well.....as he
 thereby spared himself the confusion
 of seeing how little I was affected
 by the brilliant expectations he sup-
 posed he had opened to me.

I quitted the closet.....prepared
 to take a more accurate survey of the
 house.....My astonishment increased
 as I passed from apartment to apart-

ment.....and I had an opportunity of perceiving.....whatever might be the philosopher's principles,.....mortification was not among his tenets.

His table was served with every delicacy.....his sideboard was the repository of every delicious wine.....and his concerts breathed the very soul of voluptuous harmony.....while the surprising beauty of the performers.....and the skill.....grace.....and excessive loveliness of his female dancers.....beggared all description.

It was the temple of refined sensuality!

With all this semblance of seductive indolence.....where every moment begat new mirths.....I grew tired of myself.....and time dragged heavily along.

The pictures in his galleries soon ceased to excite my admiration.....They were equally indelicate and immoral.

The music.....performed by beings more like angels than mortals.....lost all its charms from repetition.....Instead of those rapturous strains which elevate the mind to Heaven.....or the tender.....affecting.....cadences.....which personify the charms of innocence.....and describe all the simple.....unaffected.....joys of uncorrupted nature.....the senses.....here.....were attacked by the most voluptuous odes.....graced by the executing fingers of ravishing beauty, which pressed the full-toned organ.....while arms.....resembling polished alabaster.....embraced the expressive harp.....and amorous sounds.....plunging the soul into an enchanting forgetfulness.....issued from ruby lips, formed to ensnare the captive senses.

The Lydian flutes breathed plaintive melody, in concert with the lascivious motions of the almost-naked dancers,

.....giving such precision to each expressive attitude.....that imagination had nothing left to fancy.

I saw the danger which surrounded me.....I felt its influence.....but determined to resist the infatuation..... I always retired.....after reading to the company.....and, in a solitary corner shunned enchantments teeming with destruction.

The house of Hippias was surrounded by spacious gardens, where art and profusion conspired to destroy the simplicities of nature....The shrubberies were interspersed with marble Naiads.....so admirably executed..... that they appeared to breathe.....It was a fairy region.

Here I usually resorted for the recovery of that tranquillity which surpasses.....in my opinion.....the most intoxicating delusions of sensuality.

I took particular delight....on moon-

light nights.....to visit the shades of these gardens.....Reflection was assisted by the stillness of night.....The neighbouring stream.....gently ruffled by the passing zephyrs.....murmured soft transports.....coyly pleased with the intrusion.....which contributed to lull my mind to peace.

I reviewed my past life.....gave a sigh of regret to happiness flown byand dwelt with hope on prospects yet to come.

One evening.....while I was thus absorbed in reflection, and fancied myself quite alone.....I happened to look up.....and beheld Hippias.

He accosted me with a smile.....and seated himself under the tree by my side.

“ Callias” said he,.....“ I have
 “ sought this opportunity to complain
 “ of your reserve,.....to ask why you
 “ use the freedom of my house with

“ so little advantage to yourself.....
 “ and thus indulge in melancholy
 “ solitude?”

“ ‘The beauties of nature’.....I re-
 plied.....“ attract me more than those
 “ of art.....When I survey the splen-
 “ dor of yon radiant orb.....I consider
 “ the brilliancy of a saloon.....how-
 “ ever wealth may light it up.....
 “ a paltry bauble.....And when I
 “ breathe the perfumes exhaled from
 “ nature’s odoriferous flowers....I feel
 “ a thousand sweet sensations take
 “ possession of my soul.....and soothe
 “ it into peace.

“ I ponder on divine....unerring.....
 “ eternal.....excellence.....and
 “ would not change a moment so em-
 “ ployed, to be the Monarch of a Per-
 “ sian throne.”

“ ‘Art thou asleep.....Callias’.....he
 answered.....“ or hast thou the privi-
 “ lege of dreaming while awake?.....

“ I perceive.....what I have long sur-
 “ mised.....thou art an enthusiast....
 “ Chace hence thy chimerical fancies;
 “ which require so many aids to
 “ make thee happy....Study content
 “ with me.....I enjoy it.....because it
 “ depends on myself.....Experience
 “ has freed me from prejudices.....
 “ care does not corrode in my heart
 “for, when I feel pain.....I bear
 “ it....and it cures itself....Surrounded
 “ by the luxuries of life.....I wish.....
 “ and I enjoy....The same power is
 “ thine.....Why reject it?.....Thy
 “ figure and endowments fit thee for
 “ the most perfect enjoyments, and
 “ you neglect them for phantoms
 “ which distract your mind more fre-
 “ quently with tormenting visions....
 “ than with visions of bliss.....It is
 “ well enough for such as possess no
 “ means of acquiring the reality.....
 “ to converse with imagination.....

“ and seek ideal joys....I repeat...thou
 “ mayest command here as freely as
 “ myself.....Nay.....I will unfold to
 “ thee a philosophy, by which thou
 “ mayest acquire all....and more....
 “ than I enjoy....You have travelled
 “ long enough in the paths of hope...
 “ Reason beckons you away....The
 “ first leisure moment, I will un-
 “ bosom myself to thee at large;.....
 “ in the mean time.....know, my
 “ friendship increases for thee every
 “ day.....And, if thy turn of mind
 “ will accommodate itself to mine....
 “ I shall be empowered to give thee
 “ the fullest proofs of regard and
 “ confidence.

Hippias left me with these words.....
 I was lost in reflection.....his years.....
 his reputation as a philosopher.....the
 air of truth displayed in his discourse
the authority his wealth gave him
 ...and....more than all...his superiority

over me.....his slave.....all these circumstances.....contributed not a little to embarrass me.

I could not, however, help smiling at the decided fallacy of his argumentsand the authoritative gesture with which he sought to impress me with their truth....but I was afterwards displeased with myself for ridiculing a man, because he differed from me in principles and opinions.

“ A man”...said I...“ who lives like
 “ Hippias, must think like Hippias....
 “ Those who think like Hippias,
 “ would be very miserable unless they
 “ could live like him.”

At length I exclaimed.....

Oh, Hippias, how much art thou
 “ deceived....What is it thou callest
 “ happiness?...a kind of passion, no
 “ more like happiness.....than the
 “ momentary inclination which one
 “ of thy dancers may inspire thee

" with, is like love.....Thou callest
 " me a visionary ;.....suffer me to
 " continue so.....I am content thou
 " should'st remain a Sage.....Let each
 " seek happiness his own way."

I once knew an Athenian young
 lady, whose person was very coarse:..
 but she possessed the prettiest little
 foot in the world:

" Do tell me," she asked a friend,
 " one morning,....." What can the
 " foplings of the city see, in the vain
 " conceited Timandia, that they are
 " for ever fluttering around her.....
 " as if no other woman possessed
 " the least attraction ?.....True.....she
 " has a fine clear complexion.....her
 " features are regular.....her eyes
 " tolerably lively....her mouth rather
 " pretty than otherwise ;.....but then
 "what a foot she has!.....Who
 " can be handsome, without a pretty
 " foot ?"

“Certainly”...replied her friend...
 “who had no charm to recommend
 “her, but a remarkably small ear....
 “a foot, like yours, may be thought
 “handsome.....but, to be a perfect
 “beauty.....one must have a little
 “ear.”

“Tis the same with men.....and it
 would be ridiculous to complain of
 them.

The nightingale sings sweetly....
 the raven croaks hoarsely;.....to each
 its attribute.....The raven would
 not be a fine raven, unless he
 stunned you by his hoarse.....
 discordant.....notes.....It may be *na-*
tural for the raven to find the night-
 ingale's pipe defective;.....but it is
 not *just*, that the one should ridicule
 the other.....The nightingale cannot
 croak....but sings well.....the raven
 cannot sing.....but croaks well.....
 Each has its own peculiar excellence.

As to myself.....I could prefer the tub of Diogenes.....with my own peaceful reflections.....to the palace and seraglio of the sage Hippias.....were I obliged to think like Hippias.

I could now easily guess at the nature of the lessons Hippias had promised me.....Still I wished for the interview.....for I had a sort of curiosity to see how he would model his principles into a system;...and I foresaw much entertainment in the specious eloquence he would employ to varnish over his philosophy.

A few mornings after, I was summoned to attend the sophist, whom I found reclining on a couch, in his chamber.

He desired me to be seated, and ordered breakfast.

Hippias had carefully studied his part, as you will perceive....but he found me very indocile.

His complaisance was excessive ;... and, when breakfast was introduced, I could not avoid noticing that it was attended by the most beautiful slave in his Harem.

I confess...the figure of this nymphand the winning graces of her manner, when she served me....were dangerously calculated to subvert all my platonism.

It was scarce possible so to direct my eyes.....as to elude the magic of this little Syren.....Either her vanity to appear irresistible on this occasionor her malice for the past indifference of my regards...or both....seemed to have spirited her with a resolution to be avenged.

I will attempt to describe her. :

She looked so modest.....so elegantyet so alluring;...her morning dress was so calculated to inspire the most bewitching emotions.....that I fancied

it the exact garb the Graces would have chosen, to appear amiable before mankind.

Her robe was of rose-coloured tiffany.....it covered every charm.....yet concealed none.....Each motion of her person gave new incitement to desire.....discovering just enough to inflame the imagination.....and lend additional seduction to every beauty... The eye conceived....it seized on a slight casual disclosure.....pursued the still hidden charm.....insinuated beneath the drapery..and maddened with the burning flame of heated fancy.

I began to feel the operation of the spell.....my eyes distended.....and my cheek glowed.....when the idea of its being a preconcerted artifice restored my reason.

I blushed.....diverted my attention with looking at the pictures which hung about the room...Cyane soon re-

called the trembling truant.....and forced my soul to gaze upon her fascinating form.

Her eagerness to triumph.....probably.....defeated itself.....The relapse was momentary;.....wantonness succeeded artifice.....I was restored.....and maintained a calm indifference the remainder of the scene.

Her despair was evident....she could scarce contain her mortification within the bounds of decency.

Hippias sat, a silent spectator....and I have no doubt framed his subsequent attack, upon the observations he then made on his new scholar.

Cyane.....at last....retired with the breakfast equipage...and Hippias made a long and eloquent harangue on the distinct properties of absolute and ideal happiness.

“ The actions of all men.....my dear
“ Callias,” continued he....“ point at

“ happiness.....but the difficulty of
 “ knowing how to grasp it.....even
 “ when within our power.....creates
 “ its uncertainty.

“ Caprice is a chief ingredient in
 “ the human mind, and increases the
 “ evils to which humanity is subject.
 “That man alone is wise, who
 “ resists the control of fancy.....keeps
 “ aloof from imaginary ills....and en-
 “ joys, to its full extent, the blessings
 “ which are really in his possession.

“ You, Callias, are particularly
 “ gifted with requisites to constitute
 “ happiness.....but you employ every
 “ faculty of your mind in chimeras
 “ which steel the natural sensibilities
 “ of your heart against true enjoy-
 “ ment.

“ Those very pleasures which na-
 “ ture has allotted to creation in ge-
 “ neral.....are become so many pains
 “ to you.....who pervert their action

“ by stifling the noble susceptibility
 “ of your soul.....You dream away
 “ a valuable life in idle illusions.....
 “ which you might employ to enrich
 “ yourself, and benefit mankind.....
 “ Substitute common sense in the
 “ place of that fanatical Enchantress,
 “ who.....by false appearances....gilds
 “ ideal objects, and you will soon
 “ perceive how much more transcen-
 “ dently bright the charms of reality
 “ are.

“ Start into life anew.....Consider
 “ yourself just setting out on your
 “ journey.....take Dame Nature for
 “ your guide.....and follow the paths
 “ she points out to you.

“ The art of being happy would
 “ be the most easy and simple of all
 “ possible studies, had we not taught
 “ ourselves to suppose, that no great
 “ design can be accomplished without
 “ great efforts.

“ Philosophers will tell you.....of
 “ the pleasures of the soul....the plea-
 “ sures of the heart.....the pleasures
 “ of virtue.

“ Now all these.....refine them as
 “ you please.....are only sensual plea-
 “ sures....because they owe their birth
 “ to the representation of the senses
 “otherwise they would not be
 “ existing pleasures.

“ Why do we prefer Homer to a
 “ dry treatise on philosophy?....Is it
 “ not because his poetic fancy abounds
 “ in rich coloring, which gives en-
 “ chantment to his imagery?....And
 “ shall we not prefer pleasure at all
 “ times to pain?.....Who would not
 “ rather instantly perish, than be
 “ doomed to everlasting misery?.....
 “ Who would not rather contemplate
 “ a beautiful.....than a disgusting.....
 “ object?.....and even the continent
 “ Callias would joy to circle.....on a

“ bed of violets and roses.....within
 “ the rapturous arms of a young,
 “ blooming nymph.....rather than
 “ be condemned to the embraces of
 “ that burning brazen idol, to which
 “it is said.....some inhabitants of
 “ Syria devote their offspring from
 “ principles of devotion !

“ Tell me !.....what are the affec-
 “ tions of the heart but sensual pro-
 “ pensities ?.....Doth not the first
 “ emotion which occupies the bosom
 “ of a blushing virgin, communicate
 “ a voluptuous glow to her whole
 “ system !.....does it not quicken the
 “ circulation of her blood.....tremble
 “ in her every fibre.....impart to the
 “ whole machine its exquisitely-pre-
 “ vailing ardors ?.....And do not hope
 “ pity.....admiration.....and all the
 “ other passions.....produce the same
 “ effect ?

“ Who ever heard the dreadful

" tempest rage.....saw the impetuous
 " waves dash all their vengeance
 " 'gainst his vessel's side.....and
 " could maintain the conflict.....un-
 " cheered by hope?

" Who ever heard the plaintive
 " cry of helpless misery.....saw the
 " agonised mother weeping over her
 " perishing infants.....and could view
 " the scene.....unmoved by pity?

" Who ever heard the valor of his
 " country's heroes trumpeted abroad
 " ...saw them return amid the huzzas
 " of applauding citizens.....and could
 " stand by.....uninspired with admi-
 " ration?

" If our most amiable feelings are
 " not voluptuous, why then do they
 " so sensibly affect us?

" Suffering beauty draws tears from
 " our eyes.....and plants daggers in
 " our souls.....Not so, the pangs of
 " deformity in distress.

" Our passions.....therefore.....owe
 " their enjoyment to the senses.....
 " Pleasures are essential to happiness
 "we should court them.....not
 " shun them.

" Is not a neat.....pleasant.....cot-
 " tage, a preferable residence to the
 " hollow of a tree?.....and.....in the
 " same comparison.....is not a splen-
 " did palace superior to the poor cot-
 " tage?

" The refinement of magnificence
 " gratifies the taste....its luxury capti-
 " vates the senses....its splendid orna-
 " ments furnish food for contempla-
 " tion.

" The rural maid,...bedecked with
 " wreaths of sweetly-scented flowers
 "is more attractive than the dirty
 " wanderer who picks water-cresses
 " from a ditch...And a polished beauty
 "whose native loveliness is in-
 " creased by a tasteful arrangement

“ of glittering gems.....excels the
 “ rustic cottager.

“ Thus, you will perceive, happi-
 “ ness may be sought after in those
 “ societies which have aspired as near
 “ to perfection as possible ;.....and it
 “ is the influence of riches which
 “ regulates the arts.....calls all our
 “ faculties into action.....and gives
 “ ambition to our views.

“ You reflect, with pain, on the
 “ many united labors to which the
 “ rich man is indebted for his luxu-
 “ rious enjoyments.

“ You picture to yourself.....and
 “ shudder.....that hundreds of poor
 “ peasants toil all day to till his vine-
 “ yards.....others.....to plant his gar-
 “ dens....others.....to manufacture the
 “ silken robes which clothe him.....
 “ others.....to fancy rich carpetings
 “ for his footsteps...others....to model
 “ exquisite gold and silver vases for

“ his delicious banquets.....others.....
 “ to give softness.....ease,...and ele-
 “ gance.....to the sofa on which he
 “ seeks repose.....others.....to
 “ tempt the dangers of the ocean,
 “ and bring from foreign climes all
 “ that is rare and costly to gratify
 “ his taste.....In short.....that thou-
 “ sands pass sleepless nights in tor-
 “ turing invention to discover new
 “ conveniencies.....new delights.....
 “ new magic....to give novelty....cap-
 “ tivation.....elegance.....to the most
 “ common things in nature.

“ The painter.....the musician.....
 “ the poet.....all surmount innume-
 “ rable difficulties, to aim at gratify-
 “ ing the rich man's fancy.

“ And why ?

“ My friend.....view things with-
 “ out prejudice.....Those who take
 “ much pains to make others happy
 “do so, that they may become

“ happy themselves.....they take care
 “ to employ their talents only for
 “ such as can reward them well.

“ The king of Persia is not abso-
 “ lute enough to compel Zeuxis to
 “ paint a Leda ;.....but he is affluent
 “ enough to do it...The magic powers
 “ of gold are universal ;.....and such
 “ their influence.....the artist will ser-
 “ vilely obey a wealthy fool.....who,
 “deprived of riches.....would not
 “ be qualified to grind his colors.

“ The art of begetting affluence....
 “ is,.....simply.....the art of appro-
 “ priating to ourselves the superflui-
 “ ties of others ;.....and, when we
 “ have amassed a quant: suff: of the
 “ philosopher's stone.....we can make
 “ all nature obedient to our whims.

“ Cease.....then,....,my dear Callias,
 “ to indulge in excesses of intellec-
 “ tual pleasures, ere you lose your
 “ taste for those which are substantial.

“The organs are destroyed by
 “ immoderate desires.

“ An Eastern Prince.....immured
 “ within the walls of his Seraglio.....
 “ perishes in the midst of enjoyment.

“ In vain the perfumes of Arabia
 “ scatter forth their fragrant odors....
 “ in vain the generous juices of the
 “ grape sparkle in a crystal vase.....

“ in vain ten thousand contending
 “ beauties exhaust each female art
 “ to provoke his languid nerves.....

“ Nothing can give a fillip to the ex-
 “ hausted imagination of this wretch-
 “ ed....fortunate...Being

“ But pleasure.....purchased by
 “ industry.....teaches us moderation.
 “We attain our wishes.....we
 “ regulate our conduct.....our life
 “ passes like a blissful dream.

“ The art of governing the follies
 “ of mankind.....of discovering the
 “ secret springs of their actions....

“ of compelling them to play to our
 “ hand at every game.....of making
 “ them subservient to our designs,
 “ while we induce them to believe
 “ the contrary.....such is the secret of
 “ my philosophy.....and the system
 “ which I would instruct you to put
 “ in practice.

“ Reputation.....independence.....
 “ happiness....will be your reward....
 “ You will conceive.....Callias.....
 “ all this is not to be learnt in an
 “ hour.....You must employ skill in
 “ chusing your objects...eloquence to
 “ impose on them whatever opinions
 “ you please.....and....believe me.....it
 “ is the only eloquence worth the
 “ name..the grand arcana of a Sophist.

“ It assumes any form.....it insinu-
 “ ates....imperceptibly....into the very
 “ sinews of the heart.....it possesses
 “ the faculty of either exciting....
 “ or soothing....the passions at will...

“ of confirming.....or invalidating
 “one propensity by another.....
 “ or of suppressing the whole, as
 “ may be most political.

“ It implies a degree of complai-
 “ sance, some call flattery.....but I
 “ do not mean that servile fawning
 “ which a parasite practices at great
 “ men’s tables.....I speak of an affa-
 “ bility founded on a thorough know-
 “ ledge of the human heart.....a sen-
 “ timent without which.....though
 “ we may possess the friendship of
 “ mankind....we can never gain their
 “ love;.....for love is generated by
 “ a similarity of taste.....and it is by
 “ putting on the semblance of think-
 “ ing like others.that we make
 “ others think like ourselves.

“ I see.....Callias,”....he continued,
 “how averse you seem to the
 “ tenets of a Sophist.....so opposite
 “ to those you have hitherto main-
 “ tained.

“ My precepts are,.....however,...
 “ founded on what.....in a moral
 “ sense.....is beautiful and good.....
 “ Yours on ideal virtues which have
 “ no recompense but in thine own
 “ visionary suggestions.....Yet be as-
 “ sured, the sect of Sophists hold a
 “ distinguished rank in all societies....
 “ and pursue that track which must...
 “ infallibly....lead to honor and pros-
 “ perity.”

I listened very patiently ; and, find-
 ing Hippias had concluded his argu-
 ments, calmly replied :

“ Your harangue....my good Hip-
 “ pias....has been supported by all
 “ that pleasing charm of persuasion
 “ which has so successfully assisted
 “ you through life.....Your observa-
 “ tions are elegant....your deductions
 “ plausible.....your maxims easily re-
 “ duced to practice..and would, I have
 “ no doubt, lead to an happiness

“ very superior to any I may hope to
 “ attain.

“ Notwithstanding....I feel adverse
 “ to the pursuit....and, if I know my
 “ own mind....I should not find it
 “ less irksome to metamorphose my-
 “ self into a Sophist.....than you
 “ would, were you compelled to dis-
 “ miss your train of beauties.....
 “ consecrate your house to the pub-
 “ lic worship of Diana....and retire
 “ to the scorching sands of India,
 “ to become a Bramin.”

“ With all your rhetoric.....you
 “ have not convinced me.....Your
 “ conclusions are contradicted by my
 “ own experience.”

“ Young man,”.....retorted Hip-
 pias....“ You either fear to give up
 “ your opinions too hastily.....or you
 “ are an hypocrite.”

“ Neither,.....Hippias.”

“ Well, then,.....Callias,....deny,....

“ if you can.....that you were in-
 “ flamed with desire by the beautiful
 “ Cyane, this morning.....and that,
 “ while she waited at breakfast, you
 “ could not refrain from stealing cer-
 “ tain glances, descriptive of your
 “ feelings.”

“ I deny nothing.”

“ Do you not admit, that the
 “ round fulness of her snowy arms,
 “ appeared to you an enviable haven;
 “her swelling breasts, heaving
 “ through their lightly-agitated co-
 “ vering, a blissful pillow?...and her
 “ whole person, a supreme blessing
 “ which you wished to possess?”

“ I admit, that the sight of such
 “ an object is,.....in itself.....a bles-
 “ sing.”

“ No subterfuges.....boy!”

“ I disclaim them.....Hippias.....
 “ There is a distinction between an
 “ involuntary....mechanical....instinct

“and the free impulse of the
 “ yielding soul....I had not the desires
 “ you charge me with.”

“ Will you allow Cyane to have
 “ charms ?”

“ Oh,.....yes !”

“ Would the possession of them
 “ give you pleasure ?”

“ Most probably.....but I avoid
 “ temptation.”

Hippias lost all patience.....and, as
 it is not the principles of a Sophist to
 argue with a heated brain, he very
 dryly said.....

“ My friend....we are playing a
 “ silly farce ;” and with a sneer.....
 left the room.

The following evening, Hippias
 desired me to attend him to an even-
 ing party:.....I obeyed.

We entered at the portico of a superb
 Structure.....passing through a double
 colonnade of Ionic pillars, interspersed

with statues of surprising workmanship....the interior decoration corresponded with its exterior magnificence.

We were preceded by numberless young slaves of uncommon beauty, who led to the grand Saloon.....It was brilliantly illuminated with crystal chandeliers...and a select company reclined on sofas round the apartment.

The moment we entered.....a lady arose.....and approaching me with grace and politeness.....irresistibly seducing.....said,.....“ The friend of “ Hippias may consider himself at “ home in the house of Danae.”

I could not even stammer a reply.... With difficulty....I bowed.

To give you an idea of my angelic hostess is impossible.....When she addressed me.....I felt an unusual sensation thrill at my heart.....and a painful pleasure trembled in my veins.

She was beautiful beyond imagination....combining such extraordinary perfection as vulgar souls could neither assume or attempt.....her air.....her smile....her attitude.....her gait....were so peculiarly her own.....the goddesses would have envied her transcendent loveliness.

I looked.....admired.....loved !

Even the remembrance of my Psyche was lost, while my enraptured soul gazed on this earthly divinity.

The party consisted of persons intimately acquainted with each other, who were distinguished by an engaging urbanity of manners.....No one seemed to notice my awkward surprise.....while I sat silently gazing on Danae, almost unconscious of the persons around me.

When I became more composed..... I could not avoid contrasting the splendor in which the company was

dressed...and the simplicity of Danaë's appearance, which disdained the aid of ornament.

Her gown was of white silk taffeta with narrow purple stripes.....and her black hair.....fancifully braided.....displayed a single.....full blown.....rose.

I almost thought this artless dress concealed too much.....till a small delicate foot..more beautiful than alabaster, lightly veined with blue.....peeped from beneath its silken curtain.....and gave a presentiment of those exquisite charms her garments so maliciously concealed.

Supper concluded.....and a male and female dancer entered the Saloon.

To the soft music of a first and second flute, they represented the story of Daphne and Apollo.

"How do you like this dancing girl, Callias?".....said Danaë to me.

I was the only creature in the room

who had not observed the extraordinary beauty of this exquisite Daphne.but, roused by the question.....I became more attentive.....and replied.....

“ I am of opinion.....fair Danae.....
 “ that a too ardent wish to please has
 “ misled her.....Ah, why.....in her
 “ precipitate flight...does the diffident
 “ virgin so often look behind her?.....
 “ and with eyes.....too.....which seem
 “ to reproach the too tardy pursuit of
 “ her lover?”

But when Daphne was reduced to implore the assistance of the river GodI involuntarily exclaimed.....

“ How charming!...Ah, she changes
 “ to a laurel in the midst of her
 “ prayers.....See.....she grows pale....
 “ she trembles....her feet have already
 “ taken root.....she cannot move the
 “ position of her extended arms.....
 “ life is at its last gasp.....she gives the
 “ moment to love. With what inde-

“ scribable tenderness her almost extinguished eyes rivet on Apollo !.....
 “ The starting tear is arrested in its course.....it condenses in her feeble
 “ eye !”

The company smiled....and admired the unintentional panegyric I had uttered in praise of this accomplished slave ?

Dancing now became the general topic of conversation.....I occasionally joined.....but for the whole evening my eyes were so magnetised by DanaeI could not draw them off.....I felt a *something* which human language has not yet found words to describe.... and left her with sentiments of the most elevated transport.

I do not know if Hippias expected me to make him the confidant of my feelings upon this occasion.....but I was silent.....my prejudice against the sage prevented my prophaning the

pure and virtuous regards which Danae had inspired, by an improper confidence in a professed libertine.

A week elapsed.....I was very impatient to see Danae again;....but knew not how I could accomplish an interview;....when Hippias came to me one morning, and said with an air of perfect indifference,

“ Danae wants a confidential person to superintend her estates, and collect her revenue.....I think such an employment would suit you; and if it be your wish.....I will settle you with her.”

I turned pale and crimson....alternately.....I was overjoyed.....surprised....I hoped.....distrusted.

When my confusion abated, I replied,...in the best way I could...

“ You have an absolute right to dispose of your slave, in whatever manner you will.”

“ Believe me,”.....said Hippias....
 “ though we differ in opinion....I
 “ shall lose you with regret ;.....but I
 “ have obligations to Danae, which
 “ make it impossible I should refuse
 “ her earnest request...For the rest,...
 “ I am certain you will meet the
 “ treatment you deserve.”

We parted.... and I gave myself
 up to the indulgence of immoderate joy.

I did not give myself the trouble to
 inquire into the motives Hippias
 might be actuated by, in thus disposing
 of me.....I was delighted with
 the change.....I could not conceive
 any joy equal to that of being in the
 same house with Danae ;....of seeing
 her every day....of conversing with
 her.....perhaps, partaking her confidence
 and esteem.

My affection for Psyche subsided
 into a calm....tranquil.....sentiment....

pleasing....but free from impetuosity;
whereas my love for Danae was
 all transport....I perfectly adored her.

To such as are real lovers....I have
 been sufficiently explicit....To such
 as only fancy themselves so...a more
 elaborate representation would be of
 no more use, than a sea chart to a
 man who travels by land.

Independent of her town residence;
 Danae had a beautiful estate a short
 distance from the City, where she
 often invited parties to pass a few
 days, dedicated to mirth and festivity.

Thither I was dispatched, to pre-
 pare every thing for the reception of
 my fair mistress, who had determined
 to pass her summer there.

I shall not attempt giving you a
 drawing of this paradise;....let your
 imagination decorate it with all fan-
 ciful magnificence.....and still borrow
 new ideas from Tasso's Jerusalem....

then you may....possibly....form some judgment of the elegance of this new Arcadia.

I had scarcely entered upon my employment when Danae arrived ;.... and, having sent for me,....surprised me with the following words :

“ Our acquaintance has been short
 “but sufficient to interest me in
 “ your favour.....I am persuaded your
 “ birth entitles you to a rank your
 “ misfortunes have denied you.....
 “ Henceforth....Callias....you are free,
 “ If my friendship can bribe you to
 “ continue with me.....preserve the
 “ name of your office...without its
 “ duties....The world will expect an
 “ ostensible reason for my entertain-
 “ ing you familiarly at my house.....
 “ But....if you have other views....
 “ confide them to me, and depend
 “ on my interest and fortune to pro-
 “ mote them.”

I threw myself at her feet....my soul dissolved with gratitude and love.

“ No thanks.....Callias”.....answered the too generous Danae.....

“ What I have done, my heart ap-

“ proves.....Rise.....and be assured

“ your presence will always give me

“ the utmost satisfaction.”

With these words she left me.....and I was more than happy.

According to Zoroaster.....the appearance of an object which interests our feelings.....is the first degree of love.....A longing desire to be perpetually near such an object.....is the second degree.....and the proportion in which our anxieties increase.....forms the third degree.

Through all these stages I passed rapidly.....till I knew no joy on earth but that of gazing on the bright star I worshipped.

As I hung enraptured on this adored object.....love sparkled in my eyes.....bounded with elasticity through my veins.....gave a smiling benignity to my countenance....It elevated my soulanimated my fancy....expanded my understanding !

A lover is more than a man.....he is full of a Divinity which acts within him.....There is no art.....no accomplishment.....no heroism.....which he is not equal to attain.

Psyche.....at times....feebly asserted her rights over me.....her image became more faint.....and gradually it died away.

I had obtained full possession of the friendship of my charming Danae.....but I panted to enjoy her love.....I called her my charming Sylph.....and, while I lay at her feet.....enthusiastically described the blessings of intellectual love.

I confess.....sometimes.....I would stop in the midst of my warmest rhapsody.....and feel a sort of oppressive something at my heart, which almost stifled utterance.....When I looked for the cause.....I found that her favorite sparrow.....or a treacherously-playful zephyr.....as she reclined upon a mossy bank.....had drawn aside the light foldings of her robe.....and displayed those beauteous feet which seemed to mock my aerial love.

On these occasions a voluptuous languor would steal through my veinsmy senses would become intoxicated.....and my whole being swim in pleasure.

One morning Danae told me she proposed to entertain me with a contest between the Muses and the Syrens.....that every preparation was made.....and that I was to be sole

auditor and judge of the musical dispute.

The hour arrived.

A most agreeable evening had just closed a warm summer's day.....and twilight had thrown its sombre mantle over reposing nature.....when.....suddenly....a magic car of Phœbus shone in the clouds.....irradiating night.

In the centre of a crystal lake..... whose swelling bosom scarcely palpitated...an eminence appeared..laurels.. myrtles.....and roses, half concealed it from the view.....streams ran in serpentine courses from the clustered grove, and....softly murmuring...dimpled on the lake.

Innumerable grottos...fancifully decorated with sea weed...coral...conchesled to the fancied habitation of the River Nymphs.

A marble Triton supported a large gilt scalloped shell, on the border oppo-

site this fairy grove.....and was destined for me to sit...hear....and determine he contest.

I had scarcely taken my seat...when my ears were saluted with a gentle rustling on the water, accompanied by the softest distant harmony.

This prelude was ravishingly sweetgradually the modulated tones gained force.....the divine symphony approached me.....Presently the Muses issued from their laurel grove...and the Syrens from their grottos.

I instantly recognised Danae descending....circled by attendant Musesfrom the Temple to the borders of the lake.

A white robe....clasped under her delicately-revealed bosom.....fell in full folds to her feet.....a wreath of flowers twined around her temples.... and permitted artless ringlets to flow over her lovely shoulders.....Her right arm supported an ivory lute.

The remaining Muses.....each bearing a stringed instrument....reposed in various attitudes at her feet....She stoodlike Venus among receding Goddesses....her attitude inimitably graceful...and smiled at the challenge which the proud Syrens were singing from different parts of the lake.

These River-Nymphs were of extraordinary beauty.....their naked persons appeared half above the waters, with harps and flutes in their bewitching hands.....A loose mantle of sky-blue persian floated around their polished shoulders.....and they displayed the pride of youth blooming in meridian loveliness....Tritons....gaily sportive.....swam about this enchanting groupe....each playful urchin bore a conch, with which he wantoned in the limpid stream.

The Syrens paused.....and now the inspired Nine answered with a strain

of melody that imperceptibly declined, till its soft murmurs died in air.

This admirable prelude awakened all the senses to rapture.....a momentary pause still wound up expectationwhen the most ravishing harmony burst from the animated fingers of the divine Danae....and gave magic to her lute.

A voice.....whose tones seemed calculated to magnetise the listening soulor revive the extinguished feelings of the dead.....animated this seducing music.

The song recited the superiority of sentimental love, over that which is founded on desire.

My eyes continued strained on the spot, though the music ceased...I felt a void in my bosom....I stared like an ideot on vacancy.

My senses were not long suffered to remain in this inactive state:....A

Syren now arose.....her skilful train
tuned their soft notes to harmonize
her lay.

Her voice was rich....flexible.....and
descriptive...it bound the willing heart
with light....soft....silken bands....then
its gradations thrilled at every nerve...
it gave a palpitation to the bosom.....
the silken cord gradually grew into
fetters, which could scarce contain each
mighty transport, as the progressive
tones.....aided by amorous flutes.....
gave full expression to the charms of
sensual love.

Ulysses certainly was wise in bind-
ing himself...hand and foot....to the
mast of his vessel, when he was
assailed by the like allurements. And
now.....the little Tritons blew their
shells, in token of victory.

But the Muses were not yet sub-
dued.

They replied by an Andante, which

altogether effaced the impression of their competitor's song.

Danae's voice once more asserted its superlative powers.....Emulation gave it new energy;....she pourtrayed the pangs of apprehensive love....the sweetly-melancholy pleasures of doubtfear....and hope;.....its constancy ...its extatic reward in mutual return.

The whole sensibility of my frame was melted by this last brilliant effort of superior science.....I longed to plunge across the stream, and breathe out my existence at her feet.

The ode concluded...the vanquished Syrens fled to their grottos.....the Muses vanished....and I was left alone in a state of oppressive delight, that cannot possibly be described.

I remained some time entranced... At length I arose...and turning into the garden, walked towards a small pavilion.....supported by jasper pil-

lars....in the centre of a grove of citron and pomegranate trees.

I was surprised to see the pavilion lighted up....I entered...and, urged by an instinctive impulse, passed the saloon, and hastened to a cabinet which luxury and art had decorated with its choicest wonders.

Here.....on a pink satin sofa.... the beauteous Danae reclined.....her face lay upon one arm....the other hung carelessly down her side... the warm blood mantled on her cheek... her bosom gently undulated...and her rosy lips respired all the sweets of May.

I stood wrapt in admiration;..... till, no longer able to contain myself.....I fell on my knees.....tremblingly seized the extended hand..... and pressed it with tenderest emotion to my lips. She still slept....I wished to return without awaking her,...but

could not move.....I again kissed her lily hand.....My agitation became insupportable.....I was no longer master of myself.

The attitude of the beautiful slumberer awakened new wishes in my breast.....Nature seemed pleased.... and pressed the indulgence on my panting heart. It was a noble sensation.....I yielded to its extatic influence ...and enjoyed a bliss in contemplating this tempting beauty...infinitely beyond the reach of the most romantic imagination.

Felicities fluttered around me in the most engaging forms....I felt inspired.My daring hand removed a slight shawl which Love had carelessly thrown across the fine-turned limbs of my angelic sleeper...Their unrivalled symmetry swelled voluptuously.My soul flamed through my eyes... My lips flew to hers....and...with in-

expressible ardour.....ravished all their luxurious moisture.

Danae....with a gentle sigh....raised her languid eyes.....they swam in the delicious tears of melting sensibility....and spoke a language no eloquence could have equalled.

Then, looking rapturously for a moment in my burning face....she threw her snowy arms about my neck...and, while she hid her blushes in my bosom....murmured....

“ Callias !.....dear renovator of my
“ existence.....receive the unbounded
“ transports thou hast so sweetly
“ excited.”

Corregio could not describe the rest.

Reader !...one word in private.

Some modern Lucretias may probably hold up their fans.....or reprobate this fond indiscretion.....I do not defend excessive tenderness in the lady...however speciously Nature

may attempt to palliate its foibles.... but I have my doubts whether these lovely moralists would have been more prudent in a similar situation.

The want of sensibility is often called the refinement of chastity..... and the repulsive qualities of deformity and disgust, frequently arrogate the attributes of virtue.

But virtue must pass the ordeal of temptation, before it can be substantiated.....And, may the guardian angel of female purity protect the Fair from too implicit a confidence in their own strength!.....May those moments, in which they contemplate the raptures they are formed to inspire.....be free from a too generous weakness!....May prudence whisper to their ears, that no man breathing has merit enough to deserve the completion of his wishes, at the price of their future peace of mind!

Ye beauteous fair...on whom heaven has bestowed its best gift....the gift of pleasing!.....Ye! who were made to promote *our* happiness...consider well *your own*...and, however virtuous your minds, and chaste your wishes.....remember.....no consciousness of innate innocence is sufficiently powerful to limit the encroaching progress of perfidious love.

Danae was not of a disposition to do things imperfectly.....Having once made me happy.....her concessions were unremitted...All my former ideas of felicity appeared delusive.

Her affection was true.....tender.....ardent;....mine, the very echo of her wishes...She multiplied her favors with such endearing delicacy.....enhanced their worth so truly, by the graces which adorned them.....that every repetition of delight possessed the additional charm of novelty.....Love was

the sole business of our lives.....We sought no other pleasure.

Every meeting....every embrace.... every fond confession of reciprocal affection, seemed to be the first..... Succeeding hours gave new vigor to our loves;.....they bloomed anew with every rising dawn.....Days were moments in our blissful life;...and one soul guided all our actions.

The Delphic Priestess would no longer have recognized the coy...unfeeling.....Agathon.....While Danaë forsook the splendors of her brilliant court.....where rank....wit....riches.... talents. ...aspired alone to please her,she found content in rural simplicity.

Delighted with each other.....we tumbled....arm in arm.....about the citron groves;.....and, when a mossy bank invited our repose...my charmer would weave garlands of flowers to

adonise her shepherd ;.....recline
upon my arm.....and to the gentle lul-
laby of a murmuring stream.....sink
into forgetfulness

Then have I listened to the tender
plaints of the unmated nightingale.....
watched my sleeping treasure....and
feared to awake her by the much-
longed kiss.

I was in Elysium.

It so happened.....that Hippias was
called away from Smyrna, by some
pressing business.....just as our loves
began.....so that he was entirely igno-
rant of the change which had taken
place in our sentiments.

At length, he returned.....and
although Danae had denied herself
to all the world ;....the intimacy in
which he had lived with her for many
years, gave him the privilege of in-
truding on her retirement.

The first glance of his penetrating

eye saw into the situation of our hearts, notwithstanding the reserve we attempted to practice.

Every smile from Hippias, we considered as the harbinger of some sarcastic raillery ;.....but he affected an easy negligence.....had much to say about his journey....and gave consequence to trifles....with such artless and pleasing address.....we were freed from our embarrassment.

On reflection....however.....I was perfectly convinced he had observed the change.....but felt no inclination to burden him with my confidence.... On the contrary.....I determined....if Hippias should rally me on my passion.....to answer in the same spirited tone.

The next morning, the Sage took leave.....to our infinite satisfaction ;.... and left us once more to the unreserved enjoyment of each other.

We did not lose our time....Cupid seemed delighted with his votaries..... He frolicked round us with the nectareous cup...The lips of Danae enriched the draught.....and I quaffed it with ecstasy.

Envied enchantment! why didst thou not last for ever. !

A few days after his visit....Hippias invited us to a grand entertainment;... we had no fair excuse to offer....so we reluctantly accepted it.

On the appointed day we attendedand, I felt myself armed with an uncommon flow of vivacity, which gave me the pleasing hope of being able to repel any invidious attack the philosopher might be disposed to make on me.

The entertainment was profusely magnificent.

Wit circulated round the table..... I was inspired by the general mirth...

and some sallies of repartee escaped me with success.

Hippias smiled his approbation..... but seeking an opportunity to meet me afterwards alone.....he pressed me by the hand.....saying....

“ I am overjoyed....Callias...to see
 “ you are become one of us..You justify the good opinion I had formed
 “ of your disposition.....I always
 “ thought so enlightened a soul as
 “ yours, wanted nothing but an intimate acquaintance with real attraction, to wean you from the chimeras to which you were attached.”

Fortunately.....we were joined at this moment by some of our party.... which saved me the confusion of a reply.....But he planted a thorn in my bosom, which has rankled there ever since.

I was compelled to feign indisposition.....and retired for an hour.....

Even the solitudes of Danae could not restore me....Ten thousand irksome reflections filled my mind....I could not.....for a while.....distinguish them.

At length.....my feelings got vent.

‘ *How,*’.....I exclaimed....‘ *I am overjoyed to see you become one of us !*’.....“ Can it be possible ?.....
 “ One of you !.....Agathon become
 “ like Hippias !...Gracious Heaven ! is
 “ the change so gross, that it cannot
 “ be mistaken ?”

Then re-collecting my scattered ideas....I continued.....

“ Alas !...’tis fatally so....Are not
 “ the objects in this house....which
 “ used to fill me with horror.....now
 “ become indifferent.....even agreeable to me ?.....Do I not gaze on
 “ his lascivious pictures ?.....Behold
 “without disgust.....the wanton
 “ antics of his slaves ?....Ah, me !....

“ where am I ?.....what an abyss
 “ yawns beneath my feet !.....Oh,
 “ Danae !....Danae !.....Danae !.”

As I pronounced her beloved name,
 the most enchanting recollections
 sprang up at the summons....and a
 raging warfare commenced in my
 conflicting soul.

I grew mad with the workings of
 my self-tortured imagination....and....
 in a frenzy....loudly vociferated....

“ Danae !.....divine.....Danae !.....
 “ Oh, tell me....thou most perfect
 “ of God’s creation !.....tell your
 “ Agathon.....Is it a crime to have
 “ been supremely happy ?”

How readily doth man listen to the
 voice which flatters his frailties !.....
 How easily is our judgment misled by
 our wishes !.....I attended....and so
 eagerly....to the deceitful apologist,
 that I became once more tranquil....

and rejoined the company, satisfied I was not yet an Hippias.

Danae's countenance beamed the most perfect joy, when I entered the saloon.....I assumed gaiety to increase her enjoyment.....and, pastime succeeded pastime so rapidly....every unpleasant reflection at last vanished.....and returning Virtue was quite expelled.

Towards morning most of the company.....inflamed with wine..... could hardly keep their eyes open...but our host had antidotes in abundance to chase away the leaden god.

A dancing girl entered the saloon, in the character of Leda ;...it is considered a chef d'oeuvre of pantomimeas remarkable for its obscenity as elegance.

It lost none of its effect with the present performer, who received reiterated applauses from the company... Indeed this lascivious story was ex-

hibited with such truth of gesture..... such voluptuous movement.....from scene to scene.....even to the denouement.....that the silent expression of action described every minutia which Juvenal has so loosely portrayed in his celebrated Satire.

The men.....with one voice..... declared her attitudes more picturesque than the most sublime passages of Homer;....the women *seemed* not to have paid attention.....but I was filled with disgust.

Soon after this disgraceful exhibition of the Sophist's depravity.....I entreated Danae to return home.....She consented;....and we reached the villa just as day began to break.

I retired to rest.....and my eye-lids yielding to the influence of tired nature.....I fell fast asleep, and had a dream, which contributed very much to increase my inquietude.

“ Methought I was in the midst of
 “ a wide plain, amusing myself with
 “ an agreable assemblage of Nymphs
 “ and Cupids.....Danae was of the
 “ number.....She came tripping gaily
 “ towards me.....and, with a smile
 “ ineffably sweet.....presented me
 “ a golden goblet.....I drank.....the
 “ nectar was delicious.....and my
 “ amorous eyes sparkled my thanks.

“ Suddenly the whole party began
 “ to dance round me.....I danced too
 “and found myself enveloped in
 “ a cloud of frankincense....the pleas-
 “ ing vapour dispersed a most grate-
 “ ful odour.....and changed the ap-
 “ pearance of objects about me.

“ A thousand aerial spirits played
 “ before me.....In an instant their fas-
 “ cinating forms dissolved.....and
 “ others sprang up to supply their
 “ places.

“ I continued dancing till the cloud

“ and joyous band disappeared.....
 “ then I felt as if just awakened from
 “ a deep sleep...As I fancied, I opened
 “ my eyes, I could perceive I stood
 “ on the edge of a steep rock.....over-
 “ hanging a rapid stream.....which
 “ rolled its foaming waves beneath,
 “ with terrific grandeur.

“ On the opposite bank.....arrayed
 “ in snow-white robes....stood Psyche
 “her attitude was pensive.....her
 “ air desponding.....she raised her
 “ beauteous eyes.....and cast a look at
 “ me which pierced my very heart.

“ Without hesitation I plunged.....
 “ desperately.....into the angry surge
 “ hoping to reach the opposite shore
 “ and die at her feet.

“ As I advanced.....she fled
 “ through the air like a phantom.....
 “ but still continued visible.....The
 “ melancholy on her cheek tacitly up-
 “ braided my inconstancy ;..but, when

" the extended fore-finger of her right
 " hand pointed to a distant spot,....my
 " soul groaned with agony, to behold
 " the golden turrets and sacred groves
 " of Delphos.

" Tears chased each other down
 " my face.....I fell on my knees to
 " supplicate my beloved Psyche, who
 " persisted to avoid me.

" At length she stopped.....I could
 " distinguish the statue of Virtue
 " standing.....majestically secure and
 " unimpaired by time.....amid the
 " splendid ruins of a decayed Temple
 "Thither Psyche had flown for
 " protection.....she embraced the sta-
 " tue.....darted one more piercing look
 "and disappeared.

" Racked with anguish and despair
 "I would have flown to follow
 " her.....but felt my feet tangled in a
 " deep morass.....My efforts to escape
 " awoke me."

To what sensations did I awake!
Scalding tears burnt my cheek.....I
 rung my hands with agony....and, still
 fancying the form of my adored Psyche
 stood before me.....I stretched out my
 arms towards her.....tenderly invoking
 her gentle spirit.

Then looking around.....I felt as
 if astonished to find myself on a lux-
 urious bed, in a chamber hung with
 Persian tapestry, and glittering with
 precious ornaments.

“ Psyche”.....I exclaimed, with an
 heart-rending sigh.....“ What is be-
 “ come of thy lost Agathon!”

I could no longer bear the objects
 about me.....I arose.....and ran to
 the garden.

Here.....in the most solitary recess
 of the grove.....I gave way to the
 awful admonition of my dream;.....
 and began to consider, how I should
 act in future.

Among the various impressions indelibly marked on my mind....I found none so pungent, as the image of my lost Psyche,.....pointing to the Temple of Delphos; whose sacred groves had so often witnessed the chaste rapture of our loves, and bore testimony of the inviolable faith we swore.....mutually....to preserve.

These remembrances harrowed my feelings;....but when I again reflected on the disinterested affection of Danae.....I felt myself justified in loving so much perfection.

The innocent joys of my first inexperienced love, had been sublime;....but the melting arms of the too-beauteous Danae, rendered all comparison insipid.

My heated imagination soon touched the string which set every fibre in motion.....rapture again occupied my whole soul.....happiness came

smilingly towards me.....and I yielded to her invitation.

The only thought that now disturbed me was the recollection of my infidelity to Psyche, whom I once loved most tenderly...Yet the irresistible power of Danae over my heart.... added to the uncertainty if I ever should see Psyche again.....calmed the voice of reproach.

But in order to remove all symptoms of remorse, I argued myself into a belief, that my connection with Psyche was an affection of the soulnatural between brother and sister ...rather than the passion which might be denominated love.....And, so ingenious was I in adducing arguments to confirm my opinion.....that at length it appeared an incontestible fact.

Every shady bower in the garden... every flowery bank.....every grotto.... pleaded for Danae; till false reasoning

reestablished my tranquillity..But, like a lunatic.....who, in the paroxysm of fever thinks he is in perfect health ;... so did I partake deceitful repose.

Psyche and Virtue....who had long been the blended inmates of my heartperpetually presented themselveshand in hand....before me.....In vain did I fly to dissipation.....these lovely phantoms mocked my giddy pursuits....their influence increased.... and, yet.....wretched mortal !.....I could not see, this was a fatal proof that my conduct was more reprehensible than I chose to admit.

Danae loved too tenderly, not to take alarm at the melancholy symptoms which fed upon my faded cheek.She “ pined in thought....” True love is diffident ;...She had been accustomed to read in my happy eyes, the certain effects of her all-conquering charms....She feared....but was

too delicate to complain, till she gradually became the victim of consuming grief.

One evening....when I had been absent some hours, and stolen to the most solitary part of the gardens..... Danae surprised me with her presence....I was laying with my face downwards on a green bank....and lost in thought...when the light tip-tap of her footsteps induced me to look up.

“Thou art unhappy...my Callias.”
.....She spoke with the soothing voice of love.

“Unhappy!”.....I replied.....
“Can Agathon be unhappy, when so
“near his Danae?...A sigh followed.”

She made no reply ;.....her beautiful eyes.....full of sensibility.....remained intent upon me.....the tear started....it bedewed her lovely cheek.

I gazed in return....my glance was

penetrating ;.....our eyes were interpreters of our mutual feelings.

“ Danae !....dost thou love me ?”...

As I faltered out the question.....
I arose.....threw my fond arms about
her neck.....and burst into tears.

“ Do I love thee !.....” answered
Danae, and silently appealed to heaven,
as the witness of her truth....
She could not utter another syllable...
but her mute eloquence excelled the
finest periods of Demosthenes.

Affected by her manner, I replied...
“ Oh, my Danae ! I do not ask.....
“ because I doubt....I ask...because
“ the repetition from your lovely lips,
“ renews the happiest moments of my
“ life...Should you ever cease to love
“ me...I.....”

“ Stop, for mercy’s sake.....my be-
“ loved Callias...” interrupted my fair
tempter.....“ What would become of
“ me, if these were really thy sen-

“ timents.”.....She leaned her head upon my shoulder.....“ If thy heart really told thee, that a love like ours could submit to change..... Oh!.....

She pressed my hand against her heart.....It seemed ready to burst through her trembling bosom....Then recovering, she added.....

“ Thou dost not know....Indeed, thou canst not even conceive, my sufferings, while I see thee dejected by some secret grief....Can my fortune....my love....my life....remove thy anxieties ?.....Command !..... Thou soon shalt see how willingly thy Danae obeys.”

I was speechless....my arms grew round her....I folded her convulsively to my breast....and the flood which streamed from my eyes.....was the only reply I could make.

Nothing is more contagious than the raptures of excessive sensibility.

Danae.....though ignorant of their source....mingled tears with mine.... and her sympathetic heart repeated every sigh.

This scene.....so uninteresting in the relation.....like a magic spell, bound us in its charm for a considerable time....Lovers have feelings others cannot comprehend.

At length....overcome by one of those dissolving effusions of the soul which defies reflection...I exclaimed...

“ My incomparable Danae!...I love
 “ thee too well to conceal from thee,
 “ who this Callias is, to whom thou
 “ hast so nobly given thy heart,
 “ without ever examining into his
 “ name or merits.....Thou shalt hear
 “ my history....and, when I have im-
 “ parted all to thee.....then wilt thou
 “ readily conceive, why the ship-
 “ wrecked Agathon trembles with
 “ doubt at every pleasant gale that
 “ blows.....Thou wilt then find.....

“ that the mere possibility of loosing
 “ thee.....is enough to make him
 “ wretched.”

My words filled Danae with wonder.....She looked at me, as if she had never seen me before.....and seemed astonished she had not sooner felt that there was more in my history than the simple tale given to her by Hippias.

She thanked me for this mark of my confidence....and confirmed her gratitude, by the most endearing caresses.

I began my relation from my earliest remembrance in the Delphic Temple, to which she listened with devouring attention,,.....But, when my ill-timed enthusiasm dwelt...with all its wonted aerial flights.....on my sublime passion for the celestial Psyche.....I perceived a visible alteration in the countenance of my fair auditor, which dispelled my

ecstasies.....and brought me back to Smyrna and to Danae.

I believe ladies find little entertainment in attending to an account of the impressions made upon our hearts by former objects.....We should be particularly careful in this species of narration.....I became sensible of my indiscretion too late...I paused...blushedDanae partook my confusion..... I complained of a sudden vertigo..... the excuse passed....and I pursued my story.....determined to be more cautious in future.....and concluded with tolerable success.

I now diverted myself with some sarcasms at the expense of the *wise* Hippias.....and revealed, to my fair mistress....the rise and progress of my love from the first moment I had seen her....I assured her.....with a sincerity I did not doubt.....that she alone was formed to realise my ideas of perfect felicity.

So rapturously did I seek to impress this truth.....I really believe I had never been more enthusiastic than at the present moment.....So credulous was the delighted Danae, that her intelligent eyes remained steadfastly rivetted on mine.....They sparkled the full spirit of love.....and languished with its intoxicating pleasures....while her heart....Yes!....I could perceive its tremulous emotions quivering upon her pouting lips!

I concluded by observing, how open that heart must be to apprehension, which had so often been deceived by mankind.....by fortune.....and by fancy.

“ And should you.....my beloved
 “ Danae!.....ever deceive the hopes
 “ I cherish of being loved with un-
 “ ceasing constancy and ardor....I feel
 “ I could not survive the cruel disap-
 “ pointment.....The bare possibility
 “ makes me wretched.

“ It is excess of happiness that
 “ creates my doubts.....I fear to call
 “ it mine....it seems a new illusion....
 “ it is too extatic to be real.....and if
 “ I should ever wake from such an
 “ enchanting dream.....

“ Nay! do not reproach me by
 “ that look.....Adorable Danae!.....
 “ You....who possess all talents.....all
 “ graces.....all acquirements.....whose
 “ mental charms might draw down
 “ souls from heaven....O, tell me!
 “ am I to blame?.....rather give me
 “ assurances that I can never be so
 “ miserable!.....Let me read in your
 “ eyes.....hear from your lips.....feel
 “ in your arms.....that it is impos-
 “ sible!

“ But.....if the enchantment must
 “ one day have an end.....warn me
 “ of the approaching moment.....Col-
 “ lect the whole magic force of your
 “ subduing charms.....unite them in
 “ the last embrace.....and let me ex-

“pire under the mighty enjoyment
“at your feet.”

I shall pass over the rapturous return Danae made to this overflowing of my unbounded affection.....and the delight she expressed to find the slave her heart distinguished was a man no less celebrated for his fame than his misfortunes.

Her remarks were tender....and obliging.....She thanked me again for my confidence.....and this little scene of fond strife ended in a way most women will understand better than I can describe.

Whether Danae was inclined from what had passed to put it out of my power ever to complain again.....or whether she was actuated.....by jealousy.....to efface all remembrance of the transports of my first love.....is more than I can determine....but her heart gradually betrayed her beyond

those bounds of moderation she had hitherto observed....She overwhelmed me with torrents of felicity....hoping the exquisite delights in which I revelled would secure my heart from any wandering wishes, and leave nothing even for my imagination to conceive.

Danae's plan defeated itself....Love is destroyed by unlimited indulgencean imprudent excess always makes a faithless lover.

It is not possible to give you an idea of those voluptuous transports in which Danae had plunged me..... Even the fancy of Marini.....inflamed by the poetic fire with which he describes Adonis in the arms of Venus :....would be inadequate to the task.... In a short time.....however.....I sank into a sort of lassitude of mind, which rendered me the very reverse of my former self.....Pleasure was pursued to satiety.....satiety to stupefaction.

Philosophers may argue as they please on the unbounded faculties, and insatiable desires, of the capacious soul;.....but experience proves, that human nature is as incapable of supporting immoderate pleasures...as it is unequal to sustain extreme pain.

On a sudden.....I appeared to have regained my sight.....Every object wore a new aspect.....Love no longer lent them its enchanting colors....'The groves.....the alcoves.....the secret bower;.....all had lost their ensnaring charm.....'The air was no longer the same....I ceased to breathe the delicious incense of invigorating love, which was wont to fan the flame,....and kindle new desires in my bosom.

Danae was sunk from her imaginary altitudes, and I began to doubt, whether the effeminate character I had so long borne, did not place me beneath the rank of man.

My dream now haunted me.....I was convinced it was a warning.... either from some benignant spirit..... or from the manes of my dear departed Psyche....The voice of Virtue admonished me ;.....Self-reproach upbraided me.....I was yielding to their influence, when the remedy stared me full in the face.....I turned awayshuddered.....I could not bear to leave the alluring sorceress.

To desert Danae, by whom I was so tenderly beloved.....to tear myself for ever from those arms, whose only joy was my happiness! To repay her noble, disinterested passion, with ingratitude!

No !.....it was a base action.....My heart rejected it.....Virtue itself could not be pleased with such a sacrifice.

At this interesting moment....Danae proposed our return to Smyrna, though the summer was still in its height.....We saw each other less

frequently.....and when we met....; she flew to my embrace with her accustomed tenderness.....and I becameonce more.....as infatuated as ever.

Thus virtue....and desire.....were at perpetual variance ;...each for a time gained an ascendancy ;....but accident gave a decided victory to the former... and the instant I found myself deceived in the opinion I had formed of the moral excellences of my mistress.....I believed it necessary to despise her.

Danae was no longer my Danae;.... and Agathon was himself again.

The uncertainty of a poet's fancy... the fidelity of a mistress.....the sincerity of an Hippias.....are three things as volatile as air ;.....and, we may add.....the friendship of the great, as a fourth.

Hippias called himself the friend of Danae.....and she certainly treated

him as such.....An intimacy had subsisted for upwards of twelve years.... and it was natural, that two persons whose taste.....manners...wit.. ..geniusso nearly assimilated.....should form an esteem for each other, which cemented in an unreserved confidence between them.

Danae had,.....notwithstanding..... withdrawn herself very much from his society, since her attachment to mePerhaps she was not aware of the circumstance.....It might have been the natural result of a certain claim, which drives away every thing, that interferes with the interests of the heart.

Her panegyrics on the Sophist werehowever,.....as warm as ever..... Indeed she at last removed so much of my prejudice, that I no longer hesitated to chat familiarly with him on the state of my affections.....and

much fear I have been the dupe of his hypocrisy.

To a man like Hippias.....of what consequence was moral obligations?... The lightest breath of self-interest would puff away every duty of honoror honesty.....in an instant.

And yet, when I reflect...What advantage could he possibly derive from alienating our affections?...It is a mystery I cannot solve....Yet, I feel he has imposed upon me.

Danae still retained a preference in my heart....for, although she was not the angelic being my enraptured imagination had created.....still she was the most perfect creature I had ever met with.

Danae had given me a light sketch of her history, which possessed nothing sufficiently interesting, either to raise.....or lower.....her in my opinion. ...Probably, it might have been related

with more judgment....than frankness:
She described herself as the daughter of the celebrated Aspasia, of Mile-
 tum, by whom she was educated under the ablest masters that Greece could afford.....The house of Aspasia was the rendezvous of wit....taste.... and gallantry....and it was her fortune to captivate the blooming Alcibiades... famed for his beauty and accomplishments.....But Danae was all for love... and with Alcibiades.....a passion for variety surmounted all the most rapturous inclinations a lovely woman could inspire.

The affair broke off.....and the death of Aspasia happening soon aftershe left Athens to settle at Smyrna, with a fortune which set care at defiance.

Here she became acquainted with the younger Cyrus.....a prince whose virtues have employed the pen of Xe-

nophon, to hold them out as a model to mankind.

His attachment became so powerful that he was always at her feet. Her house was transformed into a Temple of the Muses, to entertain this amiable Prince....the Graces attended at her banquets...Pleasure....laughter....and joy.....joining hands with the smiling hours....danced around her.

But Cyrus was the soul of virtue.... and Danae described herself to be no less perfect.....She was the envy of the city....but the duties of his station calling Cyrus to Sardis.....she pursued a life of contented indolence, till fate introduced me to subdue her heart..... and proudly bear away the trophies my predecessors had.....in vain..... contended for.

Among the many valuable qualifications which marked the estimable character of the fair Danae.....was her

firmness and constancy in friendship.... and an incident which put this to the proof...compelling her to leave Smyrna for a short time.....I was left alone.

Our parting.....though but for a few days.....was tender and affecting..... She relied on my unalterable affectionand conjured me to soften the pains of absence, by partaking all the pleasures which Smyrna could supply.

But I was no longer to be seduced - by idle pageantry.....My soul had yielded for a time.....It was not formed of materials to endure perpetual restraint.....and, with Danae, they lost the only charm which could.....for a moment.....ornament them.....the charm of seeing her partake them.

I had long been a stranger to retirement.....and therefore now determined to indulge it.....I was like a man, who having been some time in a well-illuminated apartment, finds himself.....

suddenly.....inclosed in a dark closet.
The first days glided away in a sort
 of melancholy.....I felt the want of
 something essential to me.....and Danae
 was the sole object of my solitary
 reflections.....I traced out a life of
 blissful tranquillity.....and resolved to
 unite my fate with hers for ever.

In this frame of mind I was found
one morning.....by Hippias.....who
 said he came kindly to rebuke me for
 the solitude I had buried myself in.

“ Danae” said he, in a rallying tone
 of good humour.....“ should be satis-
 fied with monopolising the amiable
 Callias when she is present.....but,
 to withdraw him from society
 when absent, is a peccadillo which
 has excited a general confederacy
 against her in every female bosom
 at Smyrna.”

I replied in the same strain.....Insens-
 sibly, our conversation took a serious

turn.....but it appeared accidentally to have done so.....till at length I became alarmed.

“ You ought not....my dear Callias”
continued he, “ to shun society
 “ thus....How pretty to mope in a
 “ corner, that you may entertain the
 “ invisible world with your passion
 “and charge the passing zephyrs
 “ with a sigh to your absent mistress!
 “ ...For shame, my friend !...Rouse,...
 “ you cannot conceive in how ridicu-
 “ lous a light you will appear to all
 “ Smyrna....A Callias should be supe-
 “ rior to this singularity of humor.....
 “ Your talents were not given you to
 “ secure a single victory.....You need
 “ only appear.....to conquer.....Your
 “ ambition....in the paths of gallantry
 “should be as unbounded as your
 “ merits.”

I made no reply to this rhapsody.....
 but to repeat my love for Danae.....

“ Ridiculous”....he retorted....“ the
 “ same reasons which attach you to
 “ Danae.....would attach you to other
 “ women...if you would but open your
 “ eyes.....Variety is the soul of enjoy-
 “ ment.....and each particular class of
 “ beauty has its peculiar charm.....the
 “ ignorant and the experienced.....the
 “ witty and the simple.....the fair and
 “ the homely.....the coquet and the
 “ prude.....the virtuous and the devo-
 “ tee;...in short,...every female forms
 “ a contrast with her neighbour.....
 “ The taste....the fancy....the senses...
 “ are interested...and the soul is never
 “ cloyed with possession.

“ Each attack requires its own plan
 “ of operation...unforeseen difficulties
 “ arise....and we are eventually happy
 “ by pursuing extremes.

“ To an indolent voluptuary”.....I
 answered”....“ such a life must be full
 “ of charms.....but my affection is

shiverings seized on my heart-strings
I cannot describe the conflict in
 my agonized bosom.

At length, my rage found words.....
 I sprang on Hippias.....called him
 traitor.....villain.....hypocrite.....who,
 under the mask of pretended friend-
 ship, had dared to sully the spotless
 innocence of Danae's virtue.....I
 vowed to exterminate him as a mon-
 ster unfit to live.....to expose his
 detested carcass a prey to wild beasts
unless he presented me with un-
 erring.....damning...proofs of all he
 had advanced.

Hippias considered this violent
 storm with the unruffled temper of a
 man well acquainted with the turbu-
 lent passions of the human heart.....
 He looked at me with a malicious
 sneer of triumphant malice.....such
 an one as you may suppose the Devil
 to have smiled with, when the frail
 Eve first tasted the forbidden apple.

A sudden doubt arose.....I was uncertain.....and looked down....with folded arms.....in fearful silence.

“ When you are reasonable, Callias,”
said this tormenting fiend,....“ you
 “ will blush at having thus exposed
 “ yourself to me.....Good heaven !....
 “ are you practising the part of the
 “ furious Ajax ?....Be composed, and
 “ answer me.....Who talks of accu-
 “ sations ?.....Who impeaches the
 “ beautiful Danae ?.....Is it, then, a
 “ crime to love ?.....or are you angry,
 “ because Nature did not freeze the
 “ genial current of her soul....making
 “ her insensible to the most amiable
 “ of impressions.....till you,....like a
 “ mighty Genius...came to dissolve
 “ the charm, and thaw the suscep-
 “ tibility of her virgin heart.

“ What sweet extravagancies !.....
 “ How charmingly romantic !.....By
 “ my honor, Callias, you have a

“ most bewitching imagination !.....
 “ Any man.....less wilfully blind than
 “ yourself.....would have seen the
 “ truth of all I have advanced in her
 “ very looks...but, since you demand
 “ a proof.....I will indulge you.....
 “ Know then,...choleric Sir !...I am
 “ *one* of those who have reaped the
 “ advantage of her yielding sensi-
 “ bility.

“ Thou !”.....I retorted violently...
 and in a manner fully expressive of
 my disbelief.

The Sophist's vanity was piqued
 by my reply....but he recollected him-
 self.....and said.....

“ Yes, Callias,....I....Ten or twelve
 “ years ago, I was better calculated
 “ to profit by the condescension of
 “ a fine woman.....Doubt me, if you
 “ will.....I am content to appeal to
 “ your Divinity for my veracity.....I
 “ am sure she has too much spirit

“ to deny a circumstance known to
 “ all Smyrna.”

I could not utter one word.....and
 the inhuman wretch, perceiving the
 operation of the baneful poison he
 had so unfeelingly administered.....
 proceeded to describe the very scenes
 of his enjoyment ;.....minutely count-
 ing her caresses.....till I foamed with
 rage and anguish.

At last, I started with frenzy from
 my seat.....and in a voice.....scarcely
 human....uttered aloud....

“ It is passed !.....Yes, Virtue is
 “ avenged !.....Hippias.....you have
 “ transfixed me with an envenomed
 “ dart which rankles in my heart.....
 “ Your malevolence has done me a
 “ service.....and I thank you.....
 “ My eyes are opened....I behold....in
 “ their true colors.....two objects
 “ whom I have been accustomed to
 “ estimate most highly.....the idol of

“ my heart....the friend of my bosom
 “I see ye as ye are.....the most
 “ despicable objects that ever defiled
 “ my sight.....Hippias, we meet no
 “ more.”

Then, raising my voice.....

“ Gods !....can it be ;.....Danae the
 “ mistress of Hippias !....Is it possible
 “ she could have been so degenerate !”

With this apostrophe....and a cer-
 tain glance which marked its severity
I hastily left the detested Sophist.

Those, alone, who have been forced
 to the cruel alternative, can form any
 idea of the pangs which arise from a
 necessity of despising the object of
 our tenderest affections.

Oh ! it was a severe shock.....

I did all I could to persuade my-
 self that Hippias had deceived me.....
 His character was infamous in my
 eyes.....Was it then, just, to con-
 demn Danae on such an evidence ?....

My heart pleaded for her;...but, like Cæsar.....I thought it insufficient that Danae should be guiltless....she must also be unsuspected.

I reviewed her story....as related by herself;.....distrust pointed out an hundred circumstances which led to the detail Hippias had given me.....I saw.....at once.....the omissions she had made...and admired her ingenuity in glossing over her frailties.....I pursued the invidious track my mind had stumbled on, till I distinguished design in every smile....and a secret artifice in her most trifling actions.

I recollected.....compared.....combined.....It appeared evident, that the whole of our connection had been arranged, previous to the first visit I paid her with Hippias.

At this embittering thought....all her actions lost their winning gracesI saw nothing but a specious courtesan, whose superior skill had

betrayed my inexperienced and confiding heart.

Then the image of Psyche appeared before me, in all the dazzling splendor of innocence.

I trembled at the bare recollection that the mistress of *a thing*, like Hippias, should have eclipsed the merits of such angel purity.

How sublime the recollection of those Elysian nights, passed in the groves of Delphos, in the virtuous embraces of my beloved Psyche !

How piercing the remembrance of that fatal night, when Danae, surrounded by every allurements the most studied art could practise.....by the intoxicating powers of melting harmony.....by an irresistible combination of all that was voluptuous.....with eager wantonness grasped me in her dissolving arms !

The one reflected a chaste picture of an angel.....the other the depraved

representation of a lascivious Bacchante.....I determined to remove instantly from the necromantic spells of this second Circe.

Danae had never suffered a day to pass without writing to me.....by her last letter she assured me.....in terms of the most endearing kindness.....that three days would terminate our separation.

To await her return could not be advisable.....I had neither the wish.... or power.....to pretend a passion I no longer felt.....but I resolved to avoid an explanation.....so humiliating to me :.....and disgraceful to the woman I had so ardently loved.

I therefore dispatched an answer by the servant who brought me Danae's billet:....and then walked down to the harbour to engage my passage in any vessel ready to leave the port that same night, even though it were bound to the Antipodes.

Nothing could be more determined than my resolution, as I hastened down to the bay;....but, when I saw various vessels, with streamers floating in the air, and sails half unfurled...the sailors waiting eagerly for the signal to weigh,my resolution drooped.

Such is human nature !

I partook all the anxiety poor Danae would experience at her return.....her charms reassumed their empire over my mind.....I derided all that Hippias had advanced to her prejudice.....I was conscious I had possessed her tenderest affections.....I could not bear to think how miserable my ingratitude would make the desponding fair.

Love.....to ensure his conquest.....crept into my bosom under the disguises of compassion and generosity.

The danger was urgent.....my conduct uncertain;....when.....as I strolled mournfully along the quay.....I per-

ceived a gentleman.....followed by slaves carrying his baggage.....advancing towards a boat which waited for him.....He passed me....A sudden inspiration hurried me after him.....I obtained leave to take a seat in the boat.....Having got on board.....I soon came to an agreement with the captain, who gave the word....and in half an hour, our expanded sails pressed a favoring gale to their full-swoln bosoms.

I relinquished all those gifts the munificence of Danae had bestowed on me.....taking merely a sum for my present exigences ;.....and I saw the coast of Asia diminish from my sight, without a sigh.

In the stranger.....to whose accidental appearance my wavering soul was indebted for its return to virtue... you will behold our friend Dionisius;his obliging manners soothed the

melancholy remembrance of Danae, which still overclouded my countenance.....his cordiality led me to solicit his friendship....We pursued our voyage together;....and I have since remained a guest at his house, without having determined on what step I shall next pursue.

I should tell you, however....before I conclude....that in the letter I wrote to Danae I disclosed my intentions with candor and sincerity.....I repeated my obligations in the strongest manner;....but had the cruelty to addthat a small portion of the resolution she had exerted to support the loss of an Alcibiades.....or to free her from the embraces of an Hyacinthus.....would enable her to bear my absence without a tear..." For, " surely," said I...." Danae, whose " single glance can make as many " slaves as she pleases, will sustain

“ the loss of one lover without re-
 “ ning.”

Thus ends my story ;.....and I am
 certain....although the rigid moralist
 may frown on my aberrations.....the
 candid reader will soften my con-
 demnation with the sigh of pity.

“ Say.....my fair readers !.....Shall
 “ I not find advocates in your tender
 “ bosoms ?.....Will ye not excuse
 “ those faults which love compels us
 “ to commit ?.....Is not frailty.....
 “ under *certain* circumstances.....
 “ more pardonable than the full exer-
 “ cise of reason ?.....Do not our
 “ weaknesses argue your strength ?...
 “ and, should we lose our interest in
 “ your gentle bosoms, because manly
 “ wisdom yields to the superiority of
 “ feminine beauty ?

“ What can display a more cap-
 “ tivating scene.....than the beau-
 “ teous Dejinira, wrapt in the tiger's

" skin of her mighty hero.....leaning
 " on his massy club, and smiling trium-
 " phantly on the love-tamed Hercu-
 " les while he clad in her attire.....
 " turns the spinning-wheel among
 " her maidens ?

" To limit your lovers' failings may
 " be prudent.....but which of you
 " all can refrain from tacitly confess-
 " ing the conscious satisfaction you
 " enjoy, in knowing you are amiable
 " enough to make a man of merit
 " forgetful of his own dignity."

When Agathon closed his narra-
 tive.....the night was very far advanced
and I am sure you will believe
my dear Lucian....that to a man
 of my way of thinking, it was in-
 expressibly interesting....How like the
 accidental sportings of a baseless vi-
 sion, were the rapid changes of his
 eventful life!.....How like a dream.....
 when the heated fancy.....without

order.....without probability.....without distinction of time....place.....or persons.....transports the soul from one scene to another.....from the Throne to the Cottage.....from Joy to Despair....from the brightness of Elysium, to the gloom of Tartarus.

Is, then, life no more than a dream?.....Is it so light.....so trifling.....so unsubstantial a vapour?.....Is it the whimsical jumble of blind chance?.....Is it the work of an invisible hand, employed to make us alternately miserable.....or happy?... Or, is life the universal soul of the world, whose existence the secret majesty and glory of luxuriant Nature loudly proclaims?.....If the latter....why is the moral system so inferior.....in order and connection.....to the uniformly-regulated elements?.....Why is Fraud permitted to triumph over Innocence?...Why does an

inexorable fate persecute the virtuous mind ?....Oh....Why does that Omnipotence, to which we seem to owe our being, desert us in our need ?.....Or....if indifferent to us.....why are we not permitted.....even for a moment....to be masters of our own fate ?.....Why does an hidden power frustrate our wisest plans ?

When we retired to rest.....I found it impossible to sleep.....The singularity of Agathon's life occupied my every thought.....and the dawn broke in on my reflections.

I courted Agathon's friendship.....and saw with pleasure that my advances were agreeable.....We were constantly together.....Similarity of taste strengthened our attachment.We had already passed many days with Dionysius, without either of us talking of a separation ;.....but a very pleasing event to Agathon soon deprived us of his society.

One day.....we had just returned from a ramble, and found Dionysius waiting dinner.....We had scarcely taken our seats, when a venerable stranger was introduced by one of the servants.....who.....on saluting us.....inquired for Agathon.

He arose on hearing his name mentioned....The stranger threw his arms about him.....exclaiming.....“ Wel-
 “ come, my dear boy, to these aged
 “ arms.....Behold in me, that Archy-
 “ atas, who was the beloved friend
 “ of thy much-lamented father.....
 “ the good Stratonicus....I have long
 “ been in pursuit of thee.....and
 “ chance has this day done what the
 “ most studied care could not accom-
 “ plish.”

The cordiality with which the venerable Archyatas pressed the astonished Agathon to his heart, affected us all.....The amiable old man wept

with pleasure.....and, dinner being served.....we formed a very happy groupe.

In the evening....Archyatas, turning to Agathon....said....“ Now, my dear friend, I will surprise and delight you.

“ Know, then,.....that the blooming Psyche.....who so sensibly interested your heart with a pure and virtuous passion.....is your own sister....daughter of Stratonicus and Musarion....whose birth cost your mother her life.

“ She will herself relate to you by what chance she became a servant in the temple of Delphos.....and all the cruelties she experienced from the revengeful Priestess on the discovery of your reciprocal affection
“All that I shall inform you will be.....briefly.....to relate how I was fortunate enough to meet her, and receive her into my family.”

“ My son Critolaus, having been
 “ overtaken one day in a violent hail
 “ storm.....on the sea coast.....fled for
 “ shelter to a fisherman’s hut.....His
 “ astonishment was excessive, to find
 “ the hospitalities of this poor family
 “ graced by a lovely daughter.....who
 “in a rustic robe.....without any
 “ other ornament than a few full-
 “ blown flowers about her head.....
 “ appeared to him more like a nymph
 “ strayed from Danae’s train.....than
 “ the offspring of an indigent fisher-
 “ man.

“ My son repeated his visits.....
 “ became enamoured of the beauteous
 “ rustic.....and his love being as chaste
 “ as it was ardent.....he soon gained
 “ over the compassionate Clonarion...
 “ the fisherman’s wife.....to assist his
 “ cause.....The good woman then as-
 “ sured him, that her adopted daughter
 “ was every way deserving his love...

“ that she had nursed her when an
 “ infant.....and providence had re-
 “ stored her, after a dreadful se-
 “ paration.

“ The good soul then entered into
 “ a long detail.....in which she descri-
 “ bed a tremendous tempest which
 “ some time back had wrecked a
 “ vessel on their coast....Her husband
 “with several other fishermen.....
 “ went down to the beach, to see if
 “ they could lend the distressed mari-
 “ ners any assistance.....but the over-
 “ whelming element was resistless.....
 “ In a very short time no vestige of
 “ the ship remained above the waters
 “they wrung their hands.....pray-
 “ ed for the poor departed souls.....
 “ and regretted their good offices had
 “ not been called into action.

“ They separated.....and as her hus-
 “ band loitered homewards....medita-
 “ ting on the awful disaster he had

“ just witnessed.....a powerful surge
 “ cast a body on the shore, apparently
 “ lifeless.

“ The humane fisherman carried
 “ the body home, and succeeded in
 “ restoring life ;...but, judge his sur-
 “ prise, to find the supposed slave,
 “ whom he had saved, to be a dis-
 “ guised and beautiful female.

“ The good woman’s curiosity was
 “ strangely awakened by this mystery
 “but their half-drowned guest
 “ requiring rest.....they left her to
 “ repose.

“ The old woman was, however,
 “ singularly officious.....and without
 “ leading you through the various cir-
 “ cumstances which led to the disco-
 “ very.....recognized.....in their lovely
 “ inmate, the very Psyche whom she
 “ had suckled at her breast ;.....while
 “ your sister.....with equal pleasure...
 “ recollected her dearly beloved nurse.

“ The resemblance she bore to her
 “ deceased mother, first aroused the
 “ suspicion, which a little mole un-
 “ der the left breast confirmed.

“ Her real name was Philoclea.....
 “ but her nurse having given her the
 “ pet name of Psyche.....when she
 “ was stolen away.....at five years old
 “by some villains, and sold to the
 “ priestess of Delphos.....it was the
 “ only name she knew.

“ Poor Nurse was almost frantic at
 “ the loss of her little darling.....and
 “ fearing to betray her negligence by
 “ confessing the truth.....told Strato-
 “ nicus that his child was dead.

“ Clonarion, after this, met with
 “ many adventures which ended in
 “ her marrying the fisherman.....
 “ Heaven....she said.....so ordained it;
 “ that she might save her beloved
 “ child from the merciless waves.

“ This event happened on the coast.

“ of Capua, whence the fisherman
 “ removed to Tarentum.....and, be-
 “ ing altogether unknown.....Psyche
 “ passed for their daughter naturally
 “ enough.

“ Psyche adapted herself to her
 “ low condition.....and it was the
 “ pride of her heart to lighten the
 “ labors of her foster mother.....and
 “ lessen the burden of her mainte-
 “ nance.

“ Critolaus heard this tale with joy,
 “The daughter of his father's
 “ much-lamented friend was doubly
 “ dear to him.....and he so well play-
 “ ed the lover, that Psyche owned a
 “ mutual flame.

“ At length my son made a disclo-
 “ sure of this virtuous passion to me
 “I listened to his raptures.....but,
 “ never having experienced the tor-
 “ ments of love myself, I heard him
 “ dispassionately.

“ I considered a beautiful and
 “ chaste young woman, as the noblest
 “ of God’s works.....and when I was
 “ convinced of Psyche’s merits.....her
 “ virtues.....like the sun dimmed by a
 “ passing cloud.....reappeared with
 “ superior brilliancy.

“ My son.....determined I should
 “ approve her for herself alone.....
 “ concealed her family....but, the mo-
 “ ment he saw me captivated with
 “ her worth...he declared her descent.

“ I was charmed with the idea of
 “ such an union.....Stratonicus had
 “ confided to me the secret of his
 “ love for the beautiful Musarion.....
 “ and I longed to be convinced.....
 “ beyond a doubt.....of the identity
 “ of this lovely orphan.

“ Psyche had miraculously preserv-
 “ ed a necklace, which she wore at
 “ the time of her being stolen away
 “This she left behind in her hurry

“ to quit the Temple of Delphos....

“ and to this I referred my last proof.

“ I sent a confidential friend to
 “ Delphos.....and the priestess....find-
 “ ing the enquiries came from a per-
 “ son of some distinction, made no
 “ difficulty to deliver up the requested
 “ token.....It was decisive.

“ I now desired nothing so ar-
 “ dently as to introduce the daugh-
 “ ter of a friend.....whose memory
 “ was so dear to me....into my own
 “ family.....She gave her hand to my
 “ son.....and we want nothing but
 “ your presence to establish our do-
 “ mestic felicity.

“ An Athenian merchant, with
 “ whom I am returning homewards
 “ in his vessel.....now riding in the
 “ harbour.....and who revered you in
 “ the height of popularity at Athens
 “chanced to see you, as you
 “ passed.....That he might be certain
 “ of the fact.....he followed you hi-

“ ther, to inquire your name...The
 “ slave, to whom he put the question,
 “ answered.....“ Callias.”.....Still he
 “ could not persuade himself you
 “ were any other than Agathon...and
 “ hastening to communicate his sus-
 “ picions to me.....I immediately
 “ came to the house of Dionysius,
 “ where my hopes have been so
 “ agreeably realized.

“ ‘To morrow’s dawn will witness
 “ our departure...’ ~~And I myself~~
 “my dear Agathon.....you feel
 “ no *violent* aversion to embrace.....
 “ once more.....a sister who will al-
 “ most die with pleasure to behold
 “ you.”

Agathon replied in the fulness of
 his heart ;....while Dionysius and my-
 self forgot the loss we should sustain,
 in contemplating the happiness which
 awaited our friend.

The hour of departure arrived.....

we cordially embraced.....and Archyatas led Agathon to happiness.

For some days I was lonesome and melancholy, notwithstanding all the pains my friend Dionysius took to divert me....but I had insensibly contracted a regard for Agathon.....and could not drive him from my mind.

I now determined to leave my generous host.....return to the place of my nativity.....and collect the scattered remnants of my fortune.

When I imparted my design to Dionysius, he shook his head...and, fearful lest my crazy brain should plunge me into new regrets.....he summoned all his rhetoric to induce me to abandon my intended plan of domesticating in the forest of Pitane.

“ Beware.....my dear Peregrine....
 “ of delivering thyself up again to the
 “ powers of sorcery, which exorcise
 “ their spells within thine own bosom
 “They represent the joys which

" await thee in the converse of sup-
 " posed angels through delusive op-
 " tics.....The light in which thou
 " art permitted to see these poor
 " people.....is a false light.

" For a while thou wilt be trans-
 " ported with thy situation.....it will
 " appear a perfect paradise.....But;
 " when time hath rendered every ob-
 " ject familiar to thee....when thou
 " hast plucked the first blossoms of
 " enjoyment.....thy angels will
 " dwindle into harmless.....simple....
 " creatures.

" From thy youth thou hast been
 " accustomed to the society of culti-
 " vated minds.....Thou art in thyself
 " by far too accomplished to sup-
 " port an idle life among illiterate
 " people.....Thou wouldest become
 " peevish with constantly beholding
 " the same uniform....mechanical....
 " progression of this peasant family.
 "Ill humor would increase.....till

“ their untutored ignorance would
 “ appear to thee glaring defects. ”

“ Whether it will be easy.....or
 “ even practicable....then...to unbind
 “ thyself from thralldom.....I leave
 “ to thy own decision. ”

“ Wert thou.....” continued Dio-
 “ nysius...“ a less extraordinary man;
 “ I would propose to thee, to remain
 “ with me;....and, that so restless a
 “ mind should not be unemployed....
 “ to take an active part in the traffic
 “ I carry on....But, thou.....Peregrine
 “art not formed to pass through
 “ life by any beaten path....I can see
 “ but one way how thou canst ever
 “ find content.....It is“by aiming at
 “ the highest possible degree of per-
 “ fection on earth.....by studying in-
 “ dependence. ”

“ To effect this.....thou must shun
 “ all civilized societies.....confine thy-
 “ self absolutely to the common

" necessities of life.....and be equal-
 " ly indifferent to pleasure or pain...
 " despise the opinions of the world
 "laugh at the approbation or cen-
 " sure of mankind....and mock....
 " alike....their reverence or contempt.
 " It does not....indeed....become
 " me to encourage thee to adopt this
 " singular life ; because I am free to
 " confess I could not practise it my-
 " self. But, if thou art not deterred
 " by the difficulties of the passage, it
 " will lead a soul like thine to that
 " state which has more of rationality
 "and approximates nearer to the
 " perfection of immortality.....than
 " any other."

You will smile....Lucian....but this
 last address worked wonders on my
 mind.....The late favorite of the luxu-
 rious Mamilia, now only thought of
 happiness in abstinence.....This new
 plan appeared so simple and luminous

.....so suited to my ideas....so correspondent with the reduced state of my circumstances....and the executionaltogether.....depending so entirely on myself....I became at once a convert to Cynicism....and I made the transition as readily as a man changes one habit for another.

Dionysius.....who had business at Mitylene....accompanied me so far on my return to Parium.....We parted like friends who hoped to meet againand this expectation was frequently fulfilled.

At Parium, I found a very cool reception.....The animosity of my relations was augmented by the termination of their suit at Antioch....and they evinced their displeasure by a most diabolical villany.

A report was industriously circulated, that the death of my father did not happen fairly.....It was after-

wards asserted, that the affair had been traced.....and discoveries made, which would immediately be brought to light.

I was accused of sinister motives in having freed a slave just before my departure from home...who suddenly disappeared and had never after been heard of.....At last it was positively asserted, that I was the murderer of my father.

A day was named, when my accusers were to appear before the courtthe meanest mechanic at Parium thought himself competent to judge me.....Every circumstance of my life was converted into some mystery pregnant with suspicion.....I had exiled myself from my native country, because I was haunted by my crimesI wandered through the world a wretched parricide, who could nowhere find a resting place.....Furies pursued my steps.....and my punish-

ment in this world was only a prognostic of that which awaited me in the world to come.

When I first heard these calumnies I knew from whence they sprang..... I knew they could not adduce proofs of what had never happened ;....but I also knew.....and the fate of Agathon confirmed my opinion.....the mighty strength of public prejudice.

To leave Parium.....from a dread of prosecution.....would exactly have suited their plans.....to remain tame was dangerous.

In the first instance they would have brought their proofs against an absent man.....my flight would have argued my guilt.....Banishment and confiscation would have been decreed against me.....and my relations invested with the remnant of my estate.

To the hazard of the second I would not trust....but I adopted a plan

which perhaps.....in my circumstances
.....was the wisest I could pursue.

I appeared at the next public meeting of the citizens.....in the habit and costume of a Cynic.....mounted the rostrum.....and made an elaborate oration, in which I accounted for my conduct and principles.

I concluded by telling them.....

“ That as I should henceforth want
“ little.....I should keep little.....that
“ I proposed taking a journey to visit
“ the wise Agathobulus at Alexandria
“and felt assured, I could not better
“ dispose of the paternal house
“ and estate, I inherited from my
“ grandfather Proteus, than by assigning
“ them for ever to my
“ dearly beloved fellow citizens.....the
“ virtuous inhabitants of Parium.”

The instantaneous effect produced on the lower order of people by this patriotic speech.....was admirable

.....my revenge on my relations found ample gratification.....and my justification was confirmed in the minds of my fellow citizens.

While the air rung with the praises of the magnanimous Peregrine Proteus.....I slipt through the croud.....and left Parium with such contempt for its inhabitants, as their levity so manifestly deserved.

All my worldly fortunes were now reduced to a small farm at Bithynia.... and a few bad debts, still owing to my father's estate at Tauris.....The latter I did not think worth a journey.

My little domain produced a net rent of about five hundred drachmas a year.....and upon a near calculation I reduced my expences to the limited sum of eight oboli per day.

This was enough just to keep life and soul together.....and with this I thought myself abundantly rich.....

Socrates.....and Diogenes.....afforded me examples of equal abstinence.

But the ornamented tunic....Lucian !

Well may you laugh.....my good friend.....at the recollection of the gaudy robes in which you made poor Peregrine.....the Cynic.....strut about his funereal pile;....and I make no doubt your sarcastic humor would have been equally prolific, even had they been as white as snow.

The truth, however, is.....that I had capitulated with Cynicism for the ornamental.....I preferred....had it been necessary.....feeding like a brute.....that I might be clad like a man.....I therefore.....contrary to the strictness of our order.....made it a rule not to be sparing of water, which I could procure.....almost any where.....free as air.....Still I shunned the extreme of being either costly or elegant.

I now set out on foot to Egypt.....I

was a twelvemonth on my journey.....
tarrying occasionally wherever the
people.....or the objects,.....interested
my curiosity.

But before I speak of my abode
with Agathobulus.....the flower of
Cynicism.....I will just touch upon the
disgraceful process which the unceas-
ing enmity of my relations brought
against me some years after.

Accidentally hearing that I had still
a little plank left from the general
wreck of my fortune....and that it
was sufficient to supply the common
wants of nature.....my good friends
made a discovery to the people of this
reserve; stating, that I had assigned
over a positive and absolute reversion
of all my remaining lands, and advi-
sing them to justify their claim before
the viceroy of Bithynia.

The Parians found this advice very
reasonable.....and pursued it accord-

ingly...The result was....an immediate investiture of the possession in them.

When this event happened, I was at Alexandria.....and the first news that reached me, was the detention of my stipend, which an old friend of mine used carefully to remit me.

He explained the cause.....and the perplexity I found myself involved in obliged me to write to Parium.

In my address to the people, I employed all the rhetoric I was master of.....but my remonstrances were altogether ineffectual.

My partisans at Smyrna...seeing my deplorable situation, applied....of their own accord, but in my name....to the Emperor..However, these friendly offices were exerted to no purpose.

My distresses now accumulated, till I became so reduced, as to be obliged to go down to the harbor every morning....where...by hard labor, I earned a scanty subsistence.

I had pursued this novel occupation some time ;.....and my health was considerably improved by exercisebut an unforeseen event broke up my trade.....which.....for the honor of human nature.....I shall relate with infinite pleasure.

Ten or twelve years before this happened.....I heard accidentally, that a Cyprian merchant.....of very amiable character....was in a distressful emergency for the want of five thousand drachmas.

I had seen him ;.....his phisiognomy pleased me.....and without any better introduction, or even telling my nameI gave him the sum.

As I had persisted in concealing who I was...he...with equal obstinacyrefused my assistance, till I promised to accept double the sum, if we should ever meet.

How little did I then dream of

seeing him again !....Yet Providence
after so many years absence....and
 a total forgetfulness, on my part, of
 the circumstances.....sent him to my
 aid at the hour of need.

Happily for me, my skill in physi-
 ognomy had not deceived me.....This
 good Cyprian chanced to see me la-
 boring among the porters on the quay
recognised me....and flew to my
 embrace, exclaiming.....“ My dear
 “dear benefactor.....do I behold
 “ thee thus !”

How many are there now, in this
 gay world.....which....it is said....each
 succeeding year civilizes and polishes
who have been fashionably short-
 sighted at the appearance of an old
 friend struggling with adversity !.....
 Yet this Cyprian merchant lived in
 the unenlightened age of centuries
 past !

I retired with my newly-discovered

friend, who told me heaven had prospered his industry.....he was rich.....and begged me to accept the half of what my bounty had enabled him to amass.

I stedfastly refused.....but his gratitude compelled me to fulfil the promise I had made without any meaning;.....so that I found myself.....all at once.....in possession of ten thousand drachmas....which, to a Cynic philosopher.....was equal to the treasures of Cræsus.

Before we parted, he wrung from me a promise to write to him on any future emergency.....and to command his means as freely as my own.

I made a promise.....but never used it.

I now fixed my expences at four oboli a day ;...and meaning not to live after my sixtieth year....I found myself again quite independent.

To return to Egypt.

When I reached Alexandria, I appeared before the Sage Agathobulus ;.. but he did not come up to the idea my friend Dionysius had imparted to me.....Still he was the only professorin the Alexandrian school.....who could inspire me with any attachment.

He was an Aristippus, in the garb of a Stoic ;.....his practice was calculated to mitigate the more rigid precepts of the surly Diogenes ;...he washimself....free from turbulent passions ;....his life had been passed in austerities..and he habitually exercised the Cynic maxims with more severity than he preached them.....He would arise from the luxurious table of a voluptuous Roman...as from a Socratic repast.....and all the wanton graces of a lascivious dancing girl, made no more impression on his calm soul,

than on the frozen apathy of fourscore and ten.

Experience had given me the opinions of a misanthrope.....Indeed, the open undisguised heart.....that meets mankind with smiles of confidence....benevolence.....and love....will alwayson a reverse of fortune....experience the repelling airs of haughty scorn.....and freezing contempt.

I declared open war against the prevailing customs.....and existing manners.....of the day;.....submitted voluntarily to the inconveniences which might ensue ;....every action of my life was a living satire on the follies and vices of mankind.....and those more especially...whose presumptuous rank taught them to expect reverence from the world at large.

The profession was perilous.....and to maintain open hostilities with the fools and scoundrels of the age.....was

an Augean labor.....but I had a soul that soared above all ordinary pursuits.

Like Hercules....I sought to free the world from monsters....those of a moral kind I mean.....I became a knight-errant, in the cause of Cynic virtue.

My zeal was as enthusiastic as ever.....it had only changed its object.....but my soul still panted after perfection.

To be assured that I could honorably stand my ground....I carried self-torment so far, as to pass the whole night by the side of the most beautiful virgin that could be procured at Alexandria.....and arose pure from the tempting ordeal.

The beautiful Phryne is said to have put the wisdom of the platonic Xenocrates to the same severity of trial.....and Robert, of Arbrissel, frequently lay between two young sisters of his convent, to prove his virtue.

These singularities gave me an ambiguous sort of reputation among the luxuriously-refined Alexandrians..... some spoke of me as of a superior Being ;.....others ridiculed me ;.....and, though Agathobulus had permitted some sarcasms to escape him to my prejudice.....I still had scholars in abundance.....They observed an harmony between my doctrine and practice.....more striking than the unassuming wisdom of Agathobulus..... which procured me an infinity of proselytes.

I had passed about ten years in this way, when I became acquainted with a young Roman of high rank and prodigious wealth....his name Ceionius... He took particular delight in my society.

For a length of time I resisted his pressing importunities.....but in the end he persuaded me to attend him to

the metropolis of the world.....

“ At Rome.....” said he.....“ an immense whirlpool of ostentatious
 “ vanity overwhelms the thoughtless
 “ inhabitants.....Pompous slavery.....
 “ servile attendance.....courtly sycophants.....flattering parasites.....
 “ midnight assassins.....artful fortune-hunters.....and false friends.....pursue their daily avocations.”

“ No one, since the days of Nigri-
 “ nus, has dared to tell the proud Romans of the dangers which threaten
 “ them.....or been sufficiently courageous to lead the life of a Sage,
 “ amid the idle mockeries of fools and buffoons....Come, then.....my friend
 “and be the Saviour of these
 “ people.”

My Vanity was not proof against this well-directed attack.....It is true
I was not then aware of my motive.....I supposed I yielded merely to

the solicitations of the amiable young Roman.

I could almost die with laughter..... my good Lucian.....when I reflect on the great expectations with which I set out with my young guide for Italyand in how silly a way I had filled my head with a notion.....that Peregrine Protues, of Parium.....in a year at Rome.....would work a wonderful revolution in the manners of the degenerate citizens.

I trusted.....however.....too confidently, to my own wild brain.

The first thing in which I found myself deceived, was in the character of the youth to whom I had entrusted myself.

My young friend expressed so warm an attachment to me on all occasions, I was easily duped.....I fancied I should readily obtain an ascendancy over a mind so docile.....and

had actually planned a general reformation at Rome, which his fortune..... and connection with the imperial family..... would greatly facilitate.

My project depended *only* on one spring.....I wanted nothing more than to change the ruling part of mankind into Sages.....and the active part into Patriots !

I was soon.....however.....arrested in the full career of flighty expectationThe young Lord lived in such a round of dissipation, that I could seldom gain his ear.....and then only for a moment.....At length, I discovered that he kept me about him merely for fashion sake ;.....he had picked me up as a curiosity on his travels, which he was proud to exhibit on his return to Rome.

The Cynic costume formed a singular contrast with my person and manners.....and my noble friend displayed

me with the kind of consequence he would have exhibited a fine bust of Pythagoras....or any other celebrated antique.

It was some time before I exactly understood the posture of affairs;.... but I quitted his house the moment I was satisfied on that head;....and, not content with simply breaking off all intercourse with him....I launched out into the most bitter invectives.... told him bold truths in all the mortification of humbled pride;....and,... that the insult offered to Philosophy might be completely expiated.....I included all the noble Roman youths who frequented his house, in my ebullitions of sarcastic severity.

To this imprudence I was indebted for many disagreeable circumstances which afterwards befel me;.....and I should have experienced still more

heavy afflictions, had not Ceionius and his party stood in some awe of Cæsar Marcus Aurelius.....the bright heir apparent.....under whose immediate patronage all Philosophers of the Stoic and Cynic orders acted.

I will not enumerate the various occurrences which happened to perplex me during the three or four years I passed in Rome and its environs;.....but a little adventure I had with Faustina.....only daughter to the Emperor.....deserves record.

This Princess...in the full bloom of youth and beauty....had been some years married to Cæsar Marcus Aurelius, the adopted heir to the crown.

Posterity has been impressed with very unfavorable ideas of the lovely Faustina's youthful indiscretions, although she possessed the affections of her husband to the day of her death, and had the most honorable

testimony offered to her memory by the Senate.

But to my tale.

Notwithstanding the amazing circumference of the city of Rome, and the influx of foreigners from all corners of the globe....who.....like the floating waves....mingled with each other in perpetual succession ;.....yet the Philosopher from Egypt.....so famed for its wonders.....was a phenomenon which excited public attention.

Every one who saw me had something to relate.....either trifling....extraordinary....or ridiculous.

It was not therefore to be wondered at, if the Princess...whose penchant was novelty.....at length, became desirous to see this curiosity.

As soon as she expressed her wish, difficulties were opposed to its accomplishment.....This effectually determined her to persist.

The ladies of the bed chamber..... who had either seen, or heard of me.. represented me as an untractable monster.....particularly shy of beauty....and treating, with savage barbarity, every female overture of kindness.

The animal hitherto untamed by beauty, Faustina determined to attack. She removed for the summer to a palace in the Sallustian gardens. You may remember the delightful groves which ornament them.....and thither it was my peculiar choice to pass the sultry mid-day hour.

The Princess soon indulged her wish ;.....she caused me to be watched, and I was ordered to attend her.

There was no replying.....I therefore reluctantly obeyed.

My guide conducted me to an alcove, where I found the Princess.... with three or four of her favorite at-

tendants.....amusing herself at a trifling pastime.

I looked with perfect composure on her dazzling beauty.....nor did I return the kind expressions with which she saluted me, by the least semblance of civility.

I could perceive a degree of mingled astonishment and vexation in the countenance of the lovely Princess....

I make no doubt she was surprised to see a man of decent appearance, with such manners as distinguish those who have lived in good society, instead of the rough.....uncombed.....disgusting.....sloven she expected to have met..Indeed I could not avoid discovering, that the Pythagoras head.... on the shoulders of the man whom a Venus Mamilia had chosen, twenty-five years before, for her Adonis..... had not lost its effect.

But, whatever good opinion my

figure might have inspired....my conversation was a sullen contrast.....My replies to the obliging inquiries of the Princess were short and morose.....so that I was soon dismissed without the least symptom of her desiring a second interview.

I was.....however.....deceived in supposing my behavior had put an end to any future communication..... We met frequently in the Sallustian gardens.

An artless.....insinuating.....grace attended the most trifling action of the beautiful Faustina.....Its gentle charm removed the awful distance of her exalted rank.....and the cheerful complacency of her disposition displayed the engaging simplicity of her mind.

As these rare endowments imperceptibly won an interest in my heartthe charms of Faustina became

more alluring every time I saw her....
She professed an inclination to
 become my pupil, that my lessons
 might effectually render her more
 worthy of being the spouse of a Mar-
 cus Aurelius.

The old enthusiast was easily
 snared.

I undertook the dangerous office
 of being tutor to a blooming young
 Princess, with singular opinions.

I cannot even now forget how
 delightfully I pursued my task.....
 The bliss.....my dear Lucian.....of
 giving lessons to attentive beauty, was
 inexpressible.....Her fine animated
 countenance looked the soul of intel-
 ligence.....her eyes eagerly devoured
 my precepts.....while her vermilion
 lips seemed anxious to breathe.....in
 tones peculiarly her own.....every
 sentiment I tremblingly inculcated.

The sensibility of Calippe.....the

libidinous love of Mamilia.....the refined artifices of Theoclea.....had all given me their respective warningsbut my heart had never met with any incident which could put me on my guard against the pure....innocentdispassionate claims of the too-amiable Faustina.

The lovely rogue.....however..... finding me caught by her artless miencontrived a plot against my *wise* philosophy, in the execution of which she was not a little impatient.

To triumph over the rigid apathy of a cold.....unfeeling....Cynic, was an undertaking which promised much entertainment.....She felt assured of success....and....as I afterwards understood.....had a wager depending on the issue.

She contrived.....as if by chance.... to be sleeping on a mossy bank one very warm day.....Her undress was

of a fine, clear muslin.....negligently thrown on.....and discomposed by gently - murmuring breezes, which every now and then relieved the excessive heat.....new-gathered rose-leaves were spread beneath her for a bed.....and the bank on which she slumbered was the most retired spot in the garden.

It was the finest sight my eyes had ever beheld.....One arm rested on her forehead.....a stray ringlet twined across....and the shade gave additional delicacy to its native beauty.....She turned.....apparently agitated by a dream.....raised her left knee in the act of curling her elastic limb around some love-inspiring vision ;...the right leg remained extended.....it was bared by the last motion.....her respiration quickened.....and her figure altogether deprived me of my senses.

Reason and stern philosophy had ex-

exercised their authority over my animal failings for several years.....I had forgotten former impressions....one little moment roused nature to open rebellion....yet, by a wonderful effort, I flew from destruction.

In all our future meetings I regarded the spouse of Marcus Aurelius with very different sentiments to those she had before inspired.

This change.....as you may supposedid not long remain a secret from the lady.....Her behaviour continued precisely the same.....artless.....winning.....but destructive.

The poor tutor was now metamorphosed into a gay.....lively.....entertaining.....companion.....I fancy she thought her wager sure.....still no intimation escaped her that could alarm me.

I once found her with a book on her lap.....her attitude was pensive....

and she appeared so lost in the reflection of what she had been reading, that I was close to her elbow before she perceived me.

"Ah, my good friend," said she... "how opportune this meeting... sit down... and explain to me the theory of this very sublime lady who has puzzled me for this last half hour."

The book was Plato's *Symposium*; the lady... consequently... Diotima.

This beautiful... intellectual... love... usually called Platonic... became our topic of conversation... All the enthusiastic flights of my early youth flashed once more on my brain... and I was... I really believe... the only man breathing who... seriously and earnestly... could have laid down *such* maxims to *such* a woman.

Faustina appeared delighted... told me my ideas were in perfect unison

with her own.....confessed she had never met with any man of so refined an understanding.....but.....added she, with a smile combining archness and simplicity.....“ I doubt.....Convince “ me it is possible to support this “ spiritual kind of love on both sides “ for a continuance.”

Could I possibly avoid thinking of Calippe and Mamilia at such an appeal!.....I was confused.....The Princess eyed me with penetrating curiosity.....my embarrassment increased.

“ Surely” said the Princess...“ your “ singular doctrine must be founded “ on experience.....or you never could “ declaim so vehemently in favor of “ your tenets.....Will you pardon my “ anxiety to learn those particular “ passages of your life, which have “ given you so decided a superiority “ over the rest of mankind.”

I promised....The next day was appointed for the recital of my adventures....and I was dismissed with such tokens of approbation as a less Platonic lover....without much presumption....might have translated into encouragement.

You see.....Lucian.....how unwarily I entangled myself in the net Faustina had spread for me.....To inflame an imagination like mine by recurring to the fascinating remembrances of former times...to dwell on the rapturous frailties of my youth under the eye of so captivating an auditress, was endangering all my philosophy.....It was....to use an old proverb....“ burning the “ taper at both ends.”

The lovely Faustina.....in whose sweetly-smiling features....I could see no roguery....contributed...not a littleto blow up all my inflammable ideas into a long-forgotten blaze....I

know not how it might have ended, had not the presence of her female slaves forced me to observe a certain restraint.

Faustina's doubts were confirmed by my narrative.....She confessed to me, that she was now satisfied Platonie love was but a name.....yet she resigned herself to mine with such innocent....childish.....confidence.....that I could not fail to feel the reciprocity of our sentiments.

Every hour.....henceforward.....presented new alarms...The charms of a celestial soul...incorporated with so much beautiful materiality.....gained such an ascendancy over my mind, that I could scarce detach the one from the other.

At last, I complained to the lovely Princess, of the restraint I suffered from the presence of her little slaves. The amiable Faustine cast down

her eyes.....and a lengthened sigh issued from her lovely bosom.

“ I feel,” said she...pressing my hand, and withdrawing hers at the same moment.....“ how much we both suffer from the same cause....”
 “ But,”....she looked languishingly in my face....“ how can I remedy the evil?”

“ Divine Faustina,”....I replied....
 “ may not the chaste Luna....whose services so oft requite the meager claims of vulgar love...beam on our virtuous passion.....and smile propitious on its sublimity?”
 “ Promise, Proteus.....to perfect me in thy exalted mysteries, and I consent.”

Thus the artful lady led onwards, till the path was so direct before me I could not fail to follow as she wished, without her further guidance.

The friendly moon now conducted

me to the Sallustian gardens, at the still hour of midnight.....The promise of the Princess was not direct ;....but she described the privacy of a myrtle grove.....inclosing a small pavilion at the extreme corner of the garden....in a way which removed all doubt of her intentions.

I pursued my fortune several evenings, till the Divinity withdrew those radiant beams that had lighted me to happiness.

At all these nocturnal meetings, the blooming Faustina appeared free from either reserve or apprehension.....She was gay.....yet gentle.....raised every tumultuous emotion in my breast by condescension.....and still preserved that decorum which is the bulwark of her sex.

I found this trial agonizing ;....apathy was melted by the warm rays of beauty.....and sensibility luxuriantly

sprang up under all its cheering influence.

There were pauses when my heart beat so violently, I thought it would throb through my breast....I have sat by her side till the violence of conflicting passions would reduce me almost to my last gasp....My head would swim round....my eyes grow dim:....and a fainting sickness overpower my whole person.

At such moments the Princess would complain of the night air....fear I had already suffered from its damps.....intreat me to take care of my health....and dismiss me with expressions of the tenderest concern.

My feelings would have cast me at her feet....Shame and reverence withheld me from the crime.

When our meetings ceased....I grew pensive and melancholy...The amiable Princess would kindly inquire the

cause....I assisted my own ruin, by murmuring at the loss of those blissful hours I no longer enjoyed.

“ Indeed....my dear Proteus,” she answered...“ thou art too importunate for an Endymion ;...but I forgive thy wishes, as I find them excused by my own....Believe me...I partake thy regrets.....and find an equal loss in the want of those indulgences you so unwillingly relinquish.

“ But....alas !...how can I recompense you for the pains I have unhappily inflicted ?”

A deep sigh from the bottom of my love-sick heart was the only reply I could make.

“ Be comforted,”...added Faustina, after a faltering pause.....“ I will see what can be done.”

A benignant smile accompanied this promise.....She left me.....and

my soul fluttered with the fondest hope and eager expectation.

She returned,.....and, looking gravely at me....asked.....

“ If, in order to gratify thy desires
“Proteus.....I should put thy pla-
“ tonism to a trial somewhat too
“ severe.....”

I interrupted the Princess, with solemn assurances, that, whatsoever the trial, she should never find cause to lament her confidence.

This engagement.....you will say.... was rather vain.....but I was.....afterwards....sufficiently humiliated...Not that I intended aught against her virtue.....On the contrary.....I had resolved to oppose any weakness I might have discovered in the Princess by all the powers of argument.

I had arranged a number of the most sublime and pathetic sentences, ready for the purpose.

My pretensions.....however.....were as false as they were excessive.....To a certain extent of philosophy a man may go.....but Nature will oppose his further progress.....I forgot on this occasion my former failings....I forgot how unequal I had proved to the temptations of Halicarnassus.....I forgot every thing, but the silly triumph over my senses at Alexandria.

Hence I arrogated to myself a fortitude, which no mortal is entitled to suppose himself equal to support.

I ranged the gardens.....day after day.....seeking the Princess.....in vaintill a week had nearly elapsed.....I gave myself up to grief.....when, as I paced the walks one morning, in a melancholy wood.....a pomegranate fell at my feet, with a slip of paper peeping from beneath the rind:

I snatched the treasure.....and, with trembling joy, unfolded.....and read as follows.....

“ Thou canst not feel more anxious,
 “ to justify my confidence.....than I
 “ am to put thy virtue to the test.....
 “ Examine well thy heart.....and if
 “ thou findest thou hast strength to
 “ bear the temptation to which I shall
 “ expose thee.....be sure to present
 “ thyself.....an hour before midnight
 “near the outer door leading to
 “ the Apollo gallery.....From the ad-
 “ joining thicket will issue one; to
 “ conduct thee whither thou wilt re-
 “ joice to find thyself.”

The high opinion I entertained of
 Faustina's virtuous principles.....added
 to a conceited reliance on my own
 strength.....left me without apprehen-
 sions, as to this interview.

The anxiously-expected hour came
the slave appeared.....the little door
 opened.

All was dark.....the confidante took
 me by the hand.....we passed several

apartments, till we came to a long..... illuminated.....gallery.....The slave..... pointing to the door at the extreme end.....retired.

I now traversed a suite of small apartments.....and could perceive the glare of light decline as I walked forwards.....till I reached a retired Cabinet.....where it was softened into the parting twilight of an autumnal sky.

The most fragrant perfumes saluted me as I passed.....In this retired recess I found the lovely Princess on a splendid couch.

Her dress.....her attitude.....her fascination,.....the same as on the mossy bank.

I advanced slowly.....she held out her snowy hand, with a welcome, full of the softest languor.....Every step I made quickened the palpitations of my heart.....I took her offered hand....

she motioned to press it on her heart
I felt a naked bosom.....soft as the
 Cygnet's down.....heave beneath my
 trembling hand.

I fell at her feet....all prudence was
 banished.....I pressed my glowing lips
 upon the beauty I had grasped.....sigh-
 ing.....in almost inarticulate sounds,

“Faustina!....my divine Faustina!”

My raptures were very short.....the
 cabinet became suddenly as bright as
 day.....and a loud burst of laughter
 restored me to myself.

Faustina rushed from behind a cur-
 tain....saying to a lady who accompa-
 nied her.....“Confess.....Flaviana.....

“have I not won the wager?.....and

“thou, good Proteus,”...turning to me

.....“Forgive thy love this little arti-

“fice.....Thy own philosophy will

“furnish an excellent moral from this

“platonic adventure.”

So saying, she ran off with her friend

.....both of them laughing immoderately.....and left me in a state of consternation....and despair.....that would have excited pity in the bosom of an enemy.

I looked round me.....at length.....and my confusion was increased by the sight of Myrto.....the identical Myrto.....whose advances I so ungallantly repelled at the villa Mamilia....now seated before me on the sofa.

The impression I made on her heart while she was playing the part of one of the Graces to Venus Urania, was not altogether effaced by a separation of twenty years.

She renewed her artifices to detain me....pretending she had secrets of consequence to disclose;.....but my pride was so mortally wounded.....I hastened from the spot, as I would have done from pestilential contagion.

I flew back to my Cynic cell, where

I shut myself up for several days..... growling like an angry bear within his den.... My philosophy was shaken from the roots by this most disgraceful of all my adventures.....I was almost crazy with vexation.

Flaviana.....who conspired with Faustina to play me this abominable trick....was a young lady of the highest rank.....She was a celebrated wit, and wished to be considered a patroness of the Grecian Muse.

When I left the house of Ceionius; in dudgeon.....she employed every species of persuasion to attach me to her;.....but as the levity of her morals was freely spoken of.....and as I professed to be a woman-hater.....I resisted all her efforts....This....probably.....induced her to league with the Princess to expose me in the cruel manner I have already related.

Faustina and myself have often

laughed over this adventure since our translation into these regions..... and, though my heart conceived the most violent rancour against her at the time.....past reflection has since convinced me the fault was all my own...
She was perhaps wrong in permitting me to love her after my wild unnatural fashion.....but the Princess was young, and found entertainment in so surprising a novelty.

It was certainly a blindness.....altogether my own.....which prevented me from perceiving, that in all my attempts to ingraft my platonic extravagancies on her mind, she remained a cool...calm....observer of my folly;... and, even when I had the temerity to challenge the force of her beauty.... she fairly warned me of my risk.
Nay !.....in the last fatal affair..... the very invitation to ruin was prefaced with the danger which would

threaten me...and left me to a prudent alteration of my mind.

As,....however,....I viewed things at the time, according to my own galled feelings.....I considered her abuse of the unbounded confidence I had placed in her innocence, as an unprovoked....wanton....and vicious excess of duplicity. I could not pardon her for so unfeelingly exposing me to the ridicule of the community at large ;....and, particularly to the witty sarcasms of a woman, whose vanity I had wounded. I therefore thought myself abundantly justified in painting her in the most hideous colors, and converting every amiable disposition she possessed, into an enchanting mask, under which she concealed a false and unfeeling....cruel heart.

I was now in a humor not to stop at trifles...I slandered the Emperor;

and Cæsar Marcus Aurelius, with as little ceremony as I had observed towards the Princess, and ended by the bitterest invectives against the Romans, generally....male and femaleI described the characteristic corruption of their hearts, as well as manners;.....the despotism of their laws.....reprobated the childish imbecility of the Emperor, who suffered himself to be persuaded into a belief, that the natural inactivity of his phlegmatic temper, was a princely display of mildness and clemency.

.. How immense the distance between the future Augustus, and an itinerant Cynic!.....Yet Faustina was not unmindful of me!

As soon as the laugh was over, and she had pocketed her wager, she began to consider what kind of compensation she could make me for having so unmercifully exposed me to

public derision. She therefore framed a little project, by which she proposed to make me as happy as a reasonable man might expect to be.

Myrto.....at the death of the fair Mamilia.....became the property of the Empress, who gave her to her daughter.....She was in the perfect confidence of her mistress....and held a distinguished rank among her free people.

The artful gipsey revealed to her mistress, as much of my history as had come to her knowledge, not forgetting the little spark I had kindled in her lovely bosom....which....in defiance of time and neglect....was still glowing beneath its embers.

Myrto had now attained her fortieth year....but she was gifted with the power of making herself always charming;.....it therefore occurred to the good Princess, that a match be-

tween me and her favorite, would be a very suitable settlement for both parties;....and the fortune she proposed to give her confidante, would enable us to pass the remainder of our lives in comfort.

...This, to a philosopher, whose establishment was fixed at four oboli per day, appears a tempting bait.

Myrto had been for several days seeking an opportunity to impart her kind mistress's generous proposals to me, which she at last effected in the Mæcenas gardens.

I would have avoided her;....the thing was impossible;....I must hear all she had to say;....and in good truth, she left no artifice unemployed to gain my consent. But the fair Myrto was talking to one whose self-love had been so sorely hurt by his recent adventure, that his cold....immovable...soul, was incapable of the least warmth of impression.

Myrto was piqued in her turn.....
and left me disdainfully.

Some weeks elapsed without my
hearing any thing more of either of
them; which time was spent.....as I
have told you.....in the true spirit of
Cynic barking.

I was.....one evening.....enjoying a
late.....solitary.....ramble about the
Esquiline, when I was accosted by a
veiled figure, who civilly intreated a
moment's audience.

She moved towards a clump of trees
.....I followed.....and as soon as she
thought herself free from observation,
she stopped.....I found she was my old
friend Myrto.

"Proteus,".....said she,....."the
" Princess hears that you presume on
" what has passed, to speak ill of her
"Nay.....it is asserted that you do
" so in the most public way possible
"and even dare to include the

“ Emperor.....and her husband.....in
 “ your satire.”

“ She desires me to say she forgives
 “ what you have done, as it most
 “ probably is the mere sally of an
 “ irritated temper.....but she warns
 “ you.....as you value your own peace
 “to leave Rome immediately.

“ This purse.....tied up by her own
 “ hand.....she sends to brighten your
 “ journey back to Greece...as well as a
 “ pledge of her good will.”

At these words she presented me a heavy purse of gold.

By some extraordinary contradiction in my nature, I always chose..... whenever I had to decide hastily on extremes.....in a way that reflection constantly disapproved.

Nothing but such a fatality could have prevented my considering the Princess' request as a gentle.....but absolute....command; nor was it less in-

delicate to refuse her obliging present.

As my only extenuation.....I had constantly on my mind, the laughter from behind the curtain.....the sudden glare of light which followed.....and the words "*Confess, Elaviana, have I not won the wager?*" resounded still in my ears.

I thought myself ill-treated.....and consequently rejected all overtures to compound my own shame.

"Tell the Princess,"....I replied,....
 "Proteus acknowledges no crime
 "which ought to debar him from a
 "free respiration of air in any town
 "or city where it may be his fan-
 "cy to range.....As to her money, say
 ".....the man who can live on a few
 "oboli a day.....and possesses them...
 "is above incurring an obligation."

As soon as I uttered this volley of impertinence, I turned my heel upon the astonished Myrto, with as much

self-complacency as if I had done a very praiseworthy act.

But the next morning I was made sensible of my imprudence.....for the dawn had scarce appeared, when I was summoned before the Præfect of the city.

I judged, the affair of the preceding evening had procured me this honor, and expected little favor.

As usual.....I was mistaken.....The judge received me in his closet, and told me.....in very mild accents,...but in a tone which implied that he would be obeyed.....that he feared the climate of Rome would disagree with me, and advised me to leave Italy without delay; and return either to Egypt or Greece.

“Thou art right,”....I answered...:
 “Thy air is pestilential to me....Thy
 “counsel is like the warning of my
 “good angel.....,I obey;” and in-

stantly flew to my cell.....I packed my knapsack....and in half an hour found myself on the high road to Brundisium.

My journey was long and solitary,yet I had food in store for reflection.....I recalled to my memory every scene of my past life.....I compared their consequences with my expectations.....and the conclusion was.....that I invariably found myself surrounded by people in diametrical opposition to my way of thinking.

What, then, could I do, better than retire more than ever into myself, and shun all connexion with Beings in whom I had always been mistaken?...But, to convince the world I was not ungrateful for the privilege of breathing pure air.....and the liberty of allaying my thirst at a neighbouring brook.....I continued stedfast in my purposes.....telling all

who would hear me grating truths,
and with this consolation.....if
 they were not amended by my lessons
they were at least humbled and
 confused by them.

It is no little pleasure....I would
 argue.....to mortify the vanities of
 mankind, who are accustomed to see
 each other's qualities merely through
 the medium of sycophancy and false
 politeness....I will hold up the mirror
 of Truth.....they shall see themselves
if only for a moment....in their
 natural deformities.

I pursued my route to Greece.....
 where my frankness soon gained me
 the reputation of a misanthropic....
 snarling....cynical dog....A half-crazed
 monster.....who spared nobody's foibles.....and put even virtues, which
 the rest of the world admitted, to so
 severe a trial, that they evaporated in
 smoke....leaving no vestige behind.

How could the world agree with such a man ;.....or such a man agree with the world !...I was aware of thisand therefore passed the greatest part of my days in solitude.

I never could persuade myself to follow the example of our Master Agathobulus.....I detested every lukewarm sentiment.....I must love with enthusiasm.....praise with rapture.....censure with bitterness.

Meanwhile, my cotemporary, Dæmonax.....though a thorough Cynic.... was esteemed the most amiable and good-humored of his sect.....He possessed the peculiar art of seasoning his raillery with such fine particles of attic salt,.....that, though it bit the tongue, it was not altogether divested of an agreeable flavor ;....and the very persons for whom he prepared his philippics, could not avoid smiling in their anger.

I fixed my residence in a very retired spot....not far from the city..... and admitted scarcely any one, except the Cynic Theagenes, of Patræ, whom you have so much ridiculed for the part he took in my exit...But in truth he had merits ;.....they attached me to him more than the enthusiasm of his personal zeal ;.....though I believe it to have been very sincere.

He was the only one for whom my heart seemed capable of feeling the least regard...As he followed me without any selfish view, through life...it was natural he should bear a principal part in the performance of my death-scene.

This memorable epocha of my life is the only remaining point I have to elucidate.

Plato.....Epictetus.....and others of celebrity.....had opposed self-destruction with all their powers of reason-

ing ;.....but they were contradicted by so many illustrious examples in Greece and Rome...that the act became almost sanctioned.....No one..... therefore....would, probably, have expressed surprize at my merely taking a quiet journey into the other worldeither by opium.....or a cord..... But, to announce my voluntary death four years before it happened ;....and that....solemnly....at the most public of all meetings....the Olympic Gameswas a circumstance calculated to excite universal curiosity!

Some.....I foresaw.....would pronounce it an heroic action ;....others a farce ;....while all would anxiously hasten to trust no eyes but their own.

From the moment I resolved to personate a philosophical Hercules..... I also resolved to die like one.

After my banishment from Rome,

the wish became stronger, and I accustomed myself to cherish it ;.....life daily grew more insipid.....till.....at length.....it was hateful.

The extreme abstinence I always observed.....and the rigid austerities I performed.....gradually dissolved the chain by which nature links man to a love of existence....At length, I felt an indescribable longing after Immortality.....I saw it was impossible to benefit.....or improve.....an head-strong world.....Such a sentiment could only be indulged by an incurable fool.....I had nothing to detain me longer.....I determined to die.

In this mood I reflected on the possibility of doing mankind a service by my death, though I failed, during the whole of my life.....I fancied.....and to fancy was always a powerful incentive with me.....that the public exhibition of a voluntary.....heroic.....death

...would make more impression on the mind than the finest moral....or eloquent.....declamations at the Lyceum.

I contemplated.....with unbounded joy.....the idea of burning myself at Olympia, in the presence of so many millions of spectators.....collected from all corners of the world to witness the awful spectacle.

It was a most captivating picture.

It gave me a glorious opportunity of displaying to an age....governed by softness and effeminacy.....an heroic example of fortitude, and contempt for that bauble which mankind estimate so highly.....It placed me in the situation of a benefactor to the world at large.

So much for public motives.....With regard to private.....it was the noblest ...the most conformable to my nature... My exile on this land of illusion had been long and tedious.....I had buffet-

ted passions.....contended with wants
resisted temptations.....I panted for
 the purification of fire.....and was not
 a little pleased to think I should show
 the Christians, that they were not the
 only set of people who possessed in-
 trepidity to defy the pangs and horrors
 of a painful death.

You remember the circular letters
 which I left as a kind of legacy to the
 different cities in Greece.....I found
 infinite happiness in this conceit.....
 It was the last will of a Sage.....distrib-
 uted among them when their opini-
 ons.....either good or bad.....could no
 more reach him.....It was a disinter-
 ested mode of feelingly conveying to
 them, how much he was concerned
 in their future welfare.....how solici-
 tous his heart was in their general
 happiness.

My soul was employed in these
 letters a long time previous to my

death.....and I so contrived.....by means of the adherents of our orderthat the news of my death.....and the letters.....should arrive at the same moment.....I was satisfied, their impression would be indelible.....Indeed it never entered my wise head.....while I was framing these moral bequests.....that the time would come, when my fine...solemn...sententious...lessons would be received as the delirium of a madman.....and the world jog on without being one whit better for my last will and testament.

My sole motive.....Lucian.....for this Confession to thee, is.....that thou mayest judge more candidly.....and justly.....of my past eventful life.....All animosities have long ceased between us...and Peregrine Proteus now stands before thee...an enthusiast certainly....but an honest enthusiast.....Thou mayest now reconcile to thyself

the account given of me by the physician Alexander.....who attended me only eight or nine days before my death in a violent fever.....and whom thou didst sarcastically lash for having seriously avowed.....that his patient's anxiety was to die in flames of fire.....not in a burning fever.

Lastly.....friend Lucian.....to thee I appeal.....Did I not fire the pile with a firm.....unerring hand.....and meet my death heroically ?.....I passed through the suffocating flames.....and in a moment was translated into this new life.

“ Peregrine !.....with wonder and
 “ silence, I have been an admiring
 “ auditor of thy astonishingly-singular life.....I will not encroach on
 “ thy good-nature by lengthening so
 “ long a narrative ;.....but such is the
 “ interest thou hast raised in my
 “ bosom, in behalf of Kerinthus.....

“ Agathon.....Danae.....and, though
 “ last....not least....of sister Theoclea
 “that it leads me to ask some eluci-
 “ dation on their respective fates.”

The life of Kerinthus abounded with wonder to the end ;.....and the remaining history of Theoclea would lose so much by coming from any other lips than her own, I must refer you to her for the detail.

With respect to Agathon.....I never saw him after he left us, with the good Archyatas ;.....but Dionysius... whom I met two years after, related the following particulars....I intended to have given them to you.....However.....as I approached the description of my singular death, all recollection was absorbed in that momentous event.

The instant Archyatas and himself reached home, the tender Psyche flew.....with open arms....to meet her

long-lost Agathon....Tears of joy bedewed her glowing cheeks, from which they fell on his;.....and she called him by that name which justified her caressess, even in the presence of her husband.

Had their mutual love, at Delphos, been less Platonic.....it would have proved a severe wound to his heart, to have found a sister in the beloved of his soul;.....but their affection was founded on instinct, which....invariably.....regulated their desiresAgathon was, therefore, completely happy in the recovery of such a sister, whom he had always deplored as dead.

He was particularly charmed with her marriage in a family he had so much reason to be prepossessed withAnd; had Agathon's own heart been free from certain alarms.....his felicity would have been complete.

Archyatas had no amiable daughter to remove the pang from his bosom ;....no niece.....Poor Agathon was left to pine ;....and ponder on the happiness he had thrown away..... He reproached himself severely for suffering so contemptible a creature as Hippas.....clandestinely.....to rob Danae of his good opinion...He felt she could have justified herself, had she been heard.....He sighed ;confessed she was the most amiable of her sex.....himself the most miserable of his.....In short.....he was accustomed to wish her innocent, till he believed her so.

To regain that happiness he had so credulously....nay.....so basely.....robbed himself of....appeared impossible ;...he therefore determined once more to enter on the busy world ;..... and, having communicated his wishes to the good Archyatas.....he sailed

for Syracuse, bearing letters from his patron to the youthful Dionysius.

The recommendation of Archyatas was powerful.....The Prince received Agathon with kindness;.....and his good qualities soon raised him to the esteem of his royal master.....he became his counsellor and confidant.

Behold Agathon, once more, striding rapidly on towards popularity!.... He saw his difficulties more forcibly.....and thought himself armed with that experience.....which, like a clue.....would conduct him in safety amidst the labyrinth.

I shall not lead you into a detail of the services he rendered to his Prince, by establishing the greatness of Syracuse....by embellishing his capital...by reforming his police....by encouraging the arts and manufactures.....by organizing the government, to the contentment....ability....and honor of the citizens.

Such were his merits.....such the disinterestedness and regularity of his administration.....that public approbation sanctioned all his actions..... Yet Agathon had enemies.....secret enemies.

“ Alas !”.....exclaims the man of feeling.....“ that human nature should
 “ be capable of so much depravity !
 “That a man.....so irreproachable
 “ and universally benevolent...should
 “ have an enemy !”

“ Most worthy Sir !....your morality
 “ is good.....your reasoning bad.....
 “ Every wise man is the envy of fools.
 “ Every upright man the hatred of
 “ knaves ;.....and their enmity is
 “ either secret.....or avowed....in pro-
 “ portion to their influence.”

Agathon was the terror of court sycophants.....He despised the wretch who hoped to rise by servile adulation.....by a blind subserviency to the

foibles of his superiors.....or by an insensibility to the emotions of conscience and humanity ;.....who arrogated talents he never possessed.....and valued himself for his readiness to commit any base action that would lead to preferment.

He was therefore detested.....but the conspiracy formed against him only brooded in the minds of these courtly drones ;.....nought could be openly attempted against the favorite of his Prince.....the guardian angel of a people !

Chance, however, assisted their diabolical wishes.

The ladies of Syracuse had eyes, as well as those of Smyrna.....Yea,.....and hearts too.....A monarch's favorite is always an Adonis. The figure and endowments of Agathon made him more.

Here was a conquest !.....Every

female heart panted for the prize ;.... every female lure that beauty could throw out, was spread to catch the insensible.

It is true,....a statesman laden with the whole weight of an empire, has not so much leisure as a young fopling, who merely bows, once a day, at the levee.....then flutters the remainder of his time from one beauty to another.....Still, Agathon had moments he might have devoted to the loveliest of God's creation.

The women watched each other with the scrutinizing eye of jealousy. They saw a polite attention to all..... a marked regard to none.....They had no suspicion of an absent fair, whose image could steel his heart against the power of their charms.

Among those who were piqued at the coldness of our friend's heart, none could dispute the palm of beauty

.....wit.....and universal fascination
 :.....with the fair Cleonissa.

Her birth was humble ;.....and her infancy passed in obscurity.....She appeared suddenly.....like an effulgent meteor...at court,.....wife to the noble Phillistus, where she became an inmate with the Queen and Princesses.

Her singular beauty attracted adoration ;....but she was so haughty in her manner.....and wore such majesty in her air and countenance.....no man dared to hazard the experiment of becoming the Ixion of this terrestrial Juno.

To confirm her reputation for exemplary virtue....she professed to be a zealous disciple of the godlike Platothen patronised at the court of Dionysius.

Whether this extraordinary step arose from a desire to elevate herself

.....as much by her understanding as her beauty.....above the ordinary class of human beings.....I have never heard ;.....but,.....such was her eagerness.....she shortly became a complete Platonist !

But the moment Cleonissa saw Agathon....she ceased to be Cleonissa.She found she was a mere woman !

The Queen...Princesses...the whole court.....even the divine Plato..... had mistaken her virtue.

The proud beauty....depending on her own fortitude.....yielded to the impressions Agathon had inspired..... Great souls are best calculated to do justice to each other....She did not suspect herself of improper motives... she only expected her transcendent qualifications to raise an elevated admiration in his soul.

Let the women be ever so prudish,

they always take pleasure in exciting desires, even though they may not have the least idea of satisfying them.They are not content with the mere possession of charms ;....they wish to see them act ;....and the greater the consequence and understanding of their object, the more their vanity is gratified.....They take delight in the absurdities to which they make the lords of the creation stoop.....joy in the folly of a philosopher languishing at their feet.....or making sonnets on a pet goldfinch.

The astonishment of Cleonissa could, therefore, only be equalled by her chagrin, when she found Agathon as insensible to the sun of her beauties, as he had been to the lesser stars which twinkled round her....She was offended ;....and determined to attack him, with all the united powers of corporeal and intellectual artifice ;....

and, when she had reduced the ingrate to all the pangs of amorous phrenzyshe designed leaving him a prey to the consuming anguish of desire and love.

This rigorous plan of sentimental revenge, was instantly put in train... and the impatient fair triumphantly anticipated her victory over the arrogance of his refractory heart.

Cleonissa had scarcely began her operations, when Agathon perceived some design was plotting against himHis indifference increased;.....her efforts redoubled.....till at last, the sublime lady made a sacrifice of decency.

Agathon remained firm.....Cleonissa secretly vowed revenge....

It happened very shortly after this,that Dionysius, cloyed with the yielding beauties of his court.....no longer found enjoyment with unre-

sisting beauty ;....he became melancholy and contemplative.....when he recollected....for the first time....that Cleonissa possessed uncommon beauty, with uncommon prudence.

The Prince was too well formed to please, not to embarrass the virtues, even of a Cleonissa.....The tender sensibilities of her heart had just been awakened.....She repulsed the pressing intreaties of a sighing monarch... yet her eyes made a silent confession of her weakness.

At length, Dionysius, in the fulness of his heart, revealed to his confidant, that his happiness was at hand.Agathon, like an unwise minister, foiled his master's wishes.

Agathon had watched the virtuous lady ;....and his previous knowledge of her real character led him to a development of her wishes....She feigned resistance, to preserve her untarnished

fame.....and, at the same time..
 fetter the credulous Prince with
 stronger bonds.....He therefore sent
 for Phillistus, to whom he disclosed
 the whole intrigue...This fashionably-
 indulgent husband affected much sur-
 prise at wha the already knew ;....but
 could not avoid thanking Agathon.....
 with much deceitful warmth.....for
 this uncommon instance of his friend-
 ship.

Phillistus.....though sorely against
 his will.....found himself compelled to
 feign the jealous husband, and arraign
 the conduct of his wife....The virtuous
 Cleonissa fainted.....or appeared to
 faint.....at the charge.....She appealed
 to the Queen and Princesses for the
 rectitude of her conduct.....They to
 the king, for justice on her injured
 innocence.

The palace was in an uproar, and
 the farce admirably sustained....What

trouble might have been spared, had these noble persons unmasked, and appeared to each other such as nature made them!.....But the great world are punctilious of the semblance of decorum.....and I commend them.....It is a proof of some grace..... It implies a conscious shame of their real frailties.....and a tacit confession that they *ought* to be somewhat better.

Phillistus, moved by the pathetic eloquence of his sublimely virtuous spouseat length revealed the author of his doubts.

The fury of a tempestuous sea..... the rage of a lioness robbed of her young.....the venom of a hornet wantonly provoked.....are poor.....undescriptive.....images of the madness which inflamed the bosom of Cleonissa at the sound of Agathon's name.

A little whisper from Revenge soon produced a calm.....She flew to Dionysius.

“ Sire,”said she.....“ suffer me
 “ to lament the cruel effects of my
 “ own folly, in so long concealing
 “ from your majesty the duplicity
 “ of him whom you so highly distin-
 “ guish by your royal favor.

At this preface....Dionysius started!

“ Agathon,”she continued.....
 “ Yes,...Agathon has been the barba-
 “ rous despoiler of my fame.....and
 “ his hatred arises,.....solely.....from
 “ the contempt with which I have
 “ treated his presumptuous love.”

Here the immaculate Cleonissa thought proper to let fall a flood of tears.

The king was seized with so violent a fit of jealousy against his unworthy favorite, that Cleonissa could scarcely appease his wrath by representing how dangerous it would be to proceed to extremes with a man idolised by the people.

Dionysius felt the force of the remonstrance, and it increased his hatred.

Many machines were now at work to sap the foundation of Agathon's peace and happiness....At length Philistus, by way of displaying his gratitude, contrived the glorious ruin.

Agathon had experienced the duplicity of a republican governmentHe was now exposed to those of a monarchical....and these were his reflections.

In republics.....Men are obliged to wear the outward garb of virtuous manners....In a court....they simply gloss...without concealing...the crimes which are necessary to the accomplishment of their views.

In one instance....you view a formal.....pompous.....starched.....knave, with the appearance of temperancemoderation.....and a scrupulous

attention to the externals of morality
while he is the inveterate enemy
 of all who think differently from him-
 self....or who will not assist his ambi-
 tious views ;.....a creature.....who....
 without a moment's hesitation, would
 employ the whole force of his influ-
 ence to defeat a good design....or pro-
 mote a bad one....if either was con-
 nected with his own interest.

In the other.....you listen to a pli-
 ant....capering...fawning....fine-dres-
 sed....parasite...who descants with the
 semblance of honor on the impor-
 tance of conscious worth ;.....and this
 at the very moment he is planning
 with himself how to get rid of the
 little he accidentally retains.

The first is a deliberate....wicked....
 hypocrite.....The second, merely a
 player....He is not even anxious to be
 taken for what he appears.....he sim-
 ply wishes for the applause of his

fellow comedians, and the approbation of the silly audience before whom he performs....Their fiat removes all qualms.....his deception passes currentand he is satisfied with the reputation of a good actor, which answers all his selfish purposes.

In a word.....public life is a theatre of dissimulation....intrigue.....adulation....and treachery;...Virtues are assumed...Obligations complied with, only from mercenary views.....Every face is a mask.....every action guided by convenience ;.....and its existing Policy is the art of producing a fallacious coincidence between public good and private gain....Prudence and Integrity live at perpetual variance.

Agathon saw a storm gathering round him ;...he knew not why....and determined to retire ;....but, before he could effect his purpose, Phillistus contrived to procure his arrest; under

a charge of having committed various crimes against the state.

His friends were much alarmed, as they well knew the inveteracy of his enemies ;.....but Agathon remained Great in adversity.

The moment,.....however.....his imprisonment reached the ears of Archyatas.....who presided over the willing minds of the Tarentines... he dispatched an ambassador to claim his friend, and that in terms which could not meet with a refusal without endangering the peace of the kingdom.

Orders were given to enlarge Agathon ;...but he refused to accept his freedom ;...he demanded to be publicly arraigned in the presence of the ambassadors from Tarentum ;...that his defence should be heard.....and sentence.....according to law.....pronounced against him.

This obstinacy produced a violent

ferment....Dionysius was obliged to declare publicly, that the suspicions which had attached to Agathon's honor, were frivolous and ungrounded.

Our friend had been so little attentive to self-interest, that he would have left Syracuse as poor as he left Athens, had not circumstances otherwise provided for him.

Soon after his elevation at Syracuse,the Athenians, whose commerce required an alliance with Dionysius.... thought proper.....before they applied to the mediation of Agathon.....to present him....by their ambassadors.... with a repeal of his banishment, and a restitution of his fortunes.

The noble-minded youth chose only to accept one half of his patrimony...It was more than equal to his independence.

When the ambassadors of Tarentum were about to return with Aga-

Agathon....., Dionysius desired to take leave of him in the presence of his whole court ;.....upon which occasion he loaded him with caresses and commendations.....and declared his repugnance to part with him.....

Thus Agathon departed from a city, where he left glorious monuments of an uncorrupt administration to tell his virtues to posterity ; and retired to Tarentum, fully resolved never to expose himself again to the whimsicalities of state power.

The Tarentines were chiefly mechanics....they knew little of the fine arts....much of industry....They were simple in their manners...diligent in their work...regular in their families...enemies to pomp and profusion.....hospitable to strangers.....humane to all God's creatures.

They loved their freedom as they did their wives.....with sentiments

equally free from romantic passion - or corroding jealousy....They reposed full confidence in the guardians of their privileges ;...but they would be convinced of their merits before they elected them to power....and the wise Archyatas.....who had modelled their glorious national character.....regarded them with the fondness of a shepherd surrounded by his thriving flock. .ii

Here Agathon reposed, after the fatigues of a short but capricious lifeExperience had moderated his enthusiasm.....he was surrounded by those he held most dear to his heart... One only object was wanting to complete his felicity.....He would sit with his beloved sister's little prattler on his knee.....contemplate all its dawning beauties....wish he was a father... and think on Danae.

Things had continued some months in this peaceful train.....when one day

.....as Agathon and Critolaus hunted in the woods, they were overtaken by a violent thunder storm.....They had been some time separated from their servants in their eagerness to pursue the chase....and for a considerable time were ignorant where they were.

At last they scrambled out of the wood, and discerned a lonely country house.....The storm still raged.....and they determined to try the hospitality of its owner.

This house was the residence of a lady.....supposed to be of rank from the magnificence which surrounded her.....No one had seen her....She passed under an assumed name.....and her story was wrapt in mystery.

The two friends seemed pleased that the storm afforded them an apology to knock at her gate, and hoped they should have an opportunity of seeing her.

On their arrival, a number of slaves officiously attended them into a magnificent saloon.....Agathon looked around him....and thought he remembered to have seen the paintings before, which decorated the apartment.

While he was intently gazing, one of the attendants flew up stairs....and announced Agathon to.....

To whom?.....cries the impatient reader!

Dear Miss.....be not in so violent a hurry.....it was *only* Danae, to whom he was announced.

The surprise....the joy....the faintings.....the self-reproaches.....the tender caresses.....the enchantment of reconciliation...must all be conceived, Lucian.....I am unequal to the representation.

Suffice it.....each was convinced of the affection.....honor....and worth....of the other.....Danae became inti-

mate in the family of Archyatas;.... and Physche.....whom she was not a little happy to find the sister of Agathon.....conceived an affection for her, which she returned with equal tenderness.

Agathon and Danae saw each other every day;.....tender recollections would intoxicate his heart, which panted to realize its former felicities;.....but Danae was so much strengthened by her new mode of thinking.....and the virtuous society she lived in.....that all his fondest solicitations could not triumph over her resolution.

How Agathon acted upon this occasion.....or how he *ought* to have acted.....we, my dear Lucian, will leave to conjecture.....Farewell!

Courteous reader !

Like an old broken-down poster....
 who.....though spavined and wind-
 galled.....is still blood to the back
 bone.....I have put my best leg fore-
 most, and tugged.....from stage to
 stage....to draw you to your journey's
 end.

If my unremitted exertions have
 lightened the fatigues of travelling....
 or afforded you agreeable prospects
 on the road.....I am fully compen-
 sated.

I once heard of a man who, with
 much self-sufficiency, told, as he sup-
 posed.....an admirable tale, to a large
 company.....When he concluded.....
 he looked around for applause....but,
 finding his audience unmoved by his
 pleasantry, he very drily added.....

“ Upon my soul.....Gentlemen.....
“ when I heard it.....’twas a most
“ excellent story.”

THE END.